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The Other Girl

BY
AUGUSTUS THOMAS

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th St., New York

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THE OTHER GIRL

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

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PREFACE

This is the sixth printed play to which I have prefixed a rambling but intimate preface in the hope that the lot might make a series which, when taken with the plays themselves as illustrations would in some way be of help to beginners, and maybe less battered and less experienced playwrights. The prefaces have been without much dogma or set rules because the art of play writing is more flexible than most of us, particularly playwrights and critics, imagine; and because in writing I felt more was to be conveyed by implication than by proclamation; and because the practice of the art is so amiable that even a person who has been called a "Dean" has no excuse for retaliating in fulminations.

The first preface was for "The Witching Hour" and explained one way of constructing a play that was built to carry a theory; that for "In Mizzoura" confessed how a star had been provided with a vehicle; the one for "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" admitted the assembling of rag-bag material into a very light comedy; "Oliver Goldsmith's" showed a short way of attacking the historical or dramatization task; and the one with "The Earl of Pawtucket", the way a comedy was constructed to fit a man of amusing and peculiar manner. This preface will relate the attempt to write for two men already coupled in the attention of the public, and to do so under pressure for time.

Mr. John Drew had been playing in "The

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Mummy and the Humming-Bird". He was the "Mummy" and Mr. Guy Standing was the "Hummind-Bird"; but the second *hit* of the performance was made by the character part of an Italian organ-grinder played by Lionel Barrymore. The manager, Mr. Charles Frohman, liked the association of uncle and nephew, and the two family names of Drew and Barrymore, and was in search of a new play that would permit its continuance.

In the Spring of 1902 I was about sailing with my wife to take our two children to school in France, and as "C. F." said good-bye he added "Write me a play for John with a good part for Lionel; I need it early in the season". That was an agreeable assignment, and it filled such places in the summer's prospect as amateur courier's duty left open.

In "The Mummy, etc.," Mr. Drew had been a preoccupied and inferentially desiccated husband. Mr. Barrymore had played an unwashed and almost inarticulate Italian with no English speech but much effective pantomime. A play with two parts to follow these should obviously be as different as possible. Mr. Drew should be young; and Mr. Barrymore should be American and have somewhat to say. The playwright's obvious obligation was to avoid suggesting even remotely the types the two gentlemen had just portrayed.

In play-making the value of an objective, even a fairly vague one, is that it acts like a magnetized wire, selectively; sawdust and rubbish generally do not stick to it, but steel filings do. Useful trifles, of which without the objective you would make no mental note, twang against it like head-on beetles at a fly screen. In one of the newspapers I had carried aboard the Ivernia was a half-stick item of a young preacher who had resigned his pastorate because of his sense of humor. He couldn't control his impulse

to laugh during funerals and other solemn functions if a provoking comicality invited. Mr. Drew himself has some of this humorous lightness of trigger, against which in his case sartorial exactness works as a safety clutch; and the laughing minister struck me as a good Drew part.

Mr. Drew's appearance and conscious deportment are Episcopalian. I thought of him as a Rector.

For the values of intimacy, varied connections, brisk opportunity, rapid contrasts and the like, I put him in charge of a New York congregation. After a very hurried mental inspection, proper elimination cut out all scenes in any wise suggesting the church itself, and threw my inquiries altogether on his social side.

Merely getting there made me feel easier and more free. "The Mummy" had been married; my preacher should be single. That meant boarding-house, hotel, or relative's home. I chose fashionable relative, and by a logical process discovered his sister and her husband, Henry Waterman.

Nature in her preservation of balances seems to give clergymen's relatives a slightly sportive touch, so I made sister thoroughly worldly and made husband a broker with a leaning to champagne and large cigars.

I tried the broker's clothes on Lionel but they didn't fit; besides I couldn't make him take brokerage seriously; and the wine and cigars took on comic values disproportionate to mere accessories. When I tried to take them away from him he grew argumentative, and his attitude and gesture suddenly recalled what many persons had often noticed—a singular physical and facial resemblance to Kid McCoy, the champion middle-weight pugilist.

It seemed valuable. Lionel was no mean boxer

himself, and if cast to play a champion would have nothing to learn and very little to assume.

I brought the two characters together in my mind, the preacher and the pugilist. The central idea of my play was found.

Charles Frohman at that time had a small farm at White Plains immediately adjoining the health-resort owned and conducted by William Muldoon, the retired champion wrestler. "C. F." and I, who had both known Muldoon for years, sometimes walked over his place when I would be on a visit to the farm. The finest men in the country, bankers, lawyers, clergymen, went to Muldoon for recuperation; Grover Cleveland, Elihu Root, and men of equal prominence were at times his clients. The great athletes also went to him for help; Kid McCoy had trained there more than once. Nothing could be simpler than that my minister, Dr. Bradford, and my Kid Garvey, as I decided to call the characters, should meet at Muldoon's.

I tell these ideas, considered and abandoned, because plays are built that way. The mental workroom where a play is constructed is filled with the lumber of discarded contrivance.

I dismissed the meeting at Muldoon's because I saw greater comic possibilities in the preacher's association with the fighter if the fighter's professionalism and pre-eminence were unknown. But if they were not known the association would have to be very private indeed, because nearly all the world knows a champion. That led to the idea of home training; and Kid Garvay under his proper name of Sheldon.

Locations are important matters of choice in the early stages of construction. For example: it would enforce very widely different avenues and results whether one chose Muldoon's gymnasium at White

Plains or a private house in New York as training quarters. A location must be a place to which your characters may logically come, and in which they shall meet without straining credulity. Even the private gymnasium had unattractive features. The introduction of the ladies would require managing.

About that time the Century Club, on its premises on Forty-Third Street, had built a summer extension of its second floor living-room out over the back yard. This extension is open to the sky while the flooring is slatted to let light and air through to the windows below. Round tables are out there, and easy chairs, and in that time between business and dinner, which is known as "the butler's hour", relaxing gentlemen take mixtures of vermouth. There are some clergymen among the members. I had sometimes sat there resisting temptation or otherwise, and feeling how wonderful it would be to have a *private* annex of that kind; and now that dream drifted into my lazy, deck-chair musings, and I decided to show my stage as such a platform, built to the rear of the Waterman dwelling on Fifth Avenue. Half of the back drop should show the vine-covered wall of the neighbors' brick extension running straight up. The other half should picture glimpses of rear ends and courts to houses some distance away, evidently fronting on the side street. To one side of my slatted deck would be an iron rail, presumably overlooking the remaining bit of back yard, where my training should be predicated. The other side would be doors to the dining-room, and above those doors the windows of two other floors, respectively library and sleeping rooms.

That scene decision was a gold mine. Relatives and fine guests and servants came from the dining-room doors; the minister and others looked from the library; young ladies spoke from the windows above.

My play began to be peopled and somewhat articulated. These top windows overlooked the bit of back yard where the minister and pugilist sparred. The girls covertly watched them; the pugilist in gym costume was attractive. One of the girls fell in love with him. That was wrong on Fifth Avenue, but it was prolific in comic story.

This forbidden love suggested elopement; and elopement suggested automobile, then a newer factor in stage stories than it now is. The automobile suggested costume—mask and domino with modern application; and this disguise brought in its train the chance for the substitution of one girl for another, and the element of sacrifice so potent in all human story. The two girls naturally contrasted as much as the two men; and I paired off the wiser and better and plainer one with the minister.

A mesalliance of Fifth Avenue and the prize-ring would not have left a pleasant taste; and as comedy and not tragedy was wanted, it also would have been ineffective. That led to the elopement being defeated. This would be easy to do by arresting the Kid for speeding, and by having the elopement thus exposed.

Having tentatively adopted that device, I looked about for machinery to get the Kid back again to the house. The detention by the police of the second girl with the first girl's bag and jewels in her possession sent the Kid rather chivalrously back for bail and explanation, but it left the now disillusioned first girl in a rather hard predicament.

At this stage I was obliged to devise for her consolation, Mr. Lumley, the conventional suitor, rather insipid, until in trying to bring him also into the plexus, I hit upon the idea of having him be the man the eloping automobile should run over. Lumley and his torn dress-suit, his hospital bandages and

his ether jag was, for this play, that clarifying solvent whose advent I have so pressed upon your notice in the earlier prefaces.

In the extrication and when all was to be made known, I felt that Lumley's own sentimental vagaries should have been numerous enough to make him charitable to Catherine's one swerve, and in inventing his college-day chorus-girl irregularity I found Mabel, the head-liner now engaged to the Kid, and the dramatic circle was compact and complete.

Thus far I had not definitely planned a use of my preacher's disposition to laugh at the wrong time. Nothing in the story suggested its active employment. In studying it into his record, I had him reported as laughing at an important funeral. The funeral occurring to me as possibly fraught with the most enduring consequences if disturbed, would have been that of a newspaper proprietor, and would therefore involve the cherished resentment of his editorial staff against the preacher who had taken it lightly. That gave me added animus for the natural reportorial criticisms of the preacher's association with the pugilist. The libel suit against the paper was a logical result and lent motive power to the early part of the play. Closer knitting counselled the use of the same attorney for the minister's present libel suit, and for the legal phases of Lumley's earlier chorus-girl troubles.

When the play was done I sent the script from France. Mr. Froham cabled me to come over and put it on.

When I arrived in New York however, I found Mr. Drew was not to be in the company. The Kid was much too showy a part, and while the informed professional would know that the reason of his greater success lay in the opportunities and the character of the part, the paying public would only see

that in two consecutive plays Mr. Barrymore had seemed to run away with the honors. That would be bad management of an established star. Mr. Frank Worthing was therefore substituted for Mr. Drew as the minister.

It has nothing to do with play writing, but it is pleasant to recall that much of the success of the original production was due to the unsual cast. Old play-bills take on lustre with time, because with time these actors have often built up their reputations; but "The Other Girl" company was quite a star cast on its first night. The ladies were Elsie DeWolff; and her sister-in-law Drina of the same name; Selina Fetter, in private life, Mrs. Milton Royle; Maggie Fielding; and Ida Greeley Smith. The men besides Lionel Barrymore and Frank Worthing; were Richard Bennett; Joseph Wheelock Jr.; Ralph Delmore; and Joseph Whiting.

An incident of the first night is instructive. In the construction of the current part of the play, I had found the minister's laugh valuable as a curtain climax for the second act. His propensity for laughing in wrong places had been elaborated, "planted", and an audience logically should be glad to *see* some instance of it. I chose the pressure put upon the finer girl in a circle of misapprehension and hostile criticism resulting from her sacrificial assumption of Catherine's place in the motor; a circle of much snobbishness and some hypocrisy through which only the Kid and the minister saw.

The accused girl was to one side of the library in which that act was laid, and her critics and accuser were baiting her. The minister was at the other side at the moment chosen for his laugh and the "curtain". On our first night all went well excepting this moment. The effect failed to function. In the usual council of war held by manager and author

after the first representation, we were unable to find the cause for this failure. By all our logic and technique the situation should have carried. We thought perhaps our first nighters were too sophisticated, and had foreseen and discounted our effect; but a second night's audience was equally impervious.

I sailed on Wednesday, happy over general results but troubled on that one point; and on the quiet deck of the steamer, for two days I went over and over it mentally. In this review I saw again the aggressive group around the girl; the audience deeply interested there; and then from the other side of the stage picture the explosive laugh of the minister, more surprising than mirth-provoking; and I finally reasoned that the trouble lay in the *surprise*. I became sure that if some action should first draw attention from the girl to the minister, the attempted effect would work. This point had not been entirely overlooked in rehearsals, for the Kid set the minister off on his laugh by a very knowing wink as the snobs on the other side were delivering their heaviest batteries. But a wink is a small demonstration to counterpoint a family row. Some broader action would be needed to command the attention of the whole audience. With this decision I went to the wireless room and telegraphed Mr. Frohman: "Have Kid *step down* and *touch* preacher before the wink". The instruction was followed and the effect was obtained as first hoped for.

In the theatre coincidence is so useful and is so constantly resented by callow critics, that any example that may establish its legitimacy is valuable. I therefore append this incident: A few weeks after our opening, my brother-in-law Bainbridge Colby was smoking his after-dinner cigar in our Paris apartment after a business trip to London. "An

amusing thing happened" he said "as I was coming over from America. I had gone to the wireless room on the steamer to send a message; the operator was Italian and uncertain of his English; a boat further out had just sent him a message to relay to New York. It was addressed to Charles Frohman and signed Thomas. The operator thought he had muffed it because it read "Have Kid step down and touch preacher before the wink". I told him the message was correct".

Augustus Thomas.

THE OTHER GIRL

CHARACTERS

IN THE ORDER OF APPEARANCE

MR. FULTON
HENRY WATERMAN
MRS. WATERMAN
DR. CLIFTON BRADFORD (*The Parson*)
CATHERINE FULTON
JAMES (*Butler*)
ESTELLE KITTERIDGE
REGINALD LUMLEY
ANN (*The Cook*)
JUDGE NEWTON BATES
TAYLOR (*Reporter*)
"KID GARVEY" SHELDON (*The pug*)
MAGGIE (*The Maid*)
MYRTLE MORRISON

THE OTHER GIRL

ACT I

SCENE: *The stage is set to represent a deck built at the rear of a city house as an extension to its first floor. At the back, covering one-half the flat (the right half) is the dead wall of the next house. Vines grow on this wall. The left half at back is a high brick garden wall over which appear the ends and intervening light shafts of tall apartment houses.*

To the stage R. *is the rear of the dwelling to which the deck is an addition. On the stage level two French windows let into the dining-room and one American window in* 3 *looking into pantry. On the floor above, the octagonal bay of the library protrudes some feet over the stage. This bay is surmounted by a pretty balcony which lets into the sleeping apartment on the* 4th *floor.*

To the stage left, from the foot lights to the flat, an iron rail covered with foliage guards the deck from the back-yard supposed to be below except at the up-stage end, the railing has a gate now open and giving upon a short flight of stairs to the garden level below. Tree wings are also L. *and over the iron railings.*

The stage, representing a deck, is apparently slatted to let water through. (The lines indicating opening should be drawn on the ground

cloth up and down-stage in order to show.) The center has a handsome rug on which is a round dining table six feet in diameter. A huge Japanese umbrella 8 *feet in diameter is fixed on the middle of the table-top by a weighted foot, or standard. The table has on it the coffee cups, a champagne bottle, cigar lighter, cigars and cigaretes. A champagne cooler is to the left of the table and above the chair at that place. Six chairs are at the table.*

TIME: *The hour is eight of a June evening. The sun has set to the stage* R. *Its last rays still light the chimneys of the tall houses to the rear. Later the moonlight falls from the left —Lights show in the various windows in sight.*

DISCOVERED: HARRY WATERMAN, *a New York business man of the "bluff and hearty" type, aged about forty-five. He sits to the left of the table. His guest,* MR. FULTON, *a Philadelphia millionaire, aged sixty-two, stands looking over the railing left. Both men have cigars half smoked—Both are in evening dress.*

FULTON. (*Turning and regarding stage*) Of course that shuts off the light a little from your kitchen.

HENRY WATERMAN. (*Easily*) Some. But you see those joints are open—(*He indicates floor*) and besides—(*Smiling*) It isn't a good plan to turn too much light on that particular department.

FULTON. (*Also smiling*) True. (*Fixes his glasses and looking left into yard*) You—Why you haven't had any oppressively hot weather in New York this spring have you?

HENRY. No—why?

FULTON. Those mattresses—Thought some-

body'd been sleeping out of doors. (*Suddenly*) See here, the girls and I are not crowding you?

HENRY. (*Heartily*) No indeed—your rooms are guest-rooms always. No! Those two mattresses belong to the Reverend Cliff.

FULTON. (*Rises*) Who?

HENRY. The "Reverend Cliff".

FULTON. Oh. Dr. Bradford?

HENRY. Yes, he *wrestles* on them.

FULTON. Wrestles?

HENRY. (*Nods*) Training for his constant clerical struggle with temptation.

FULTON. But *really?*

HENRY. Oh. A matter of health.

FULTON. Dr. Bradford actually practices *wrestling?*

HENRY. (*Nodding yes*) And now and then the chap that's training him gives Cliff a push with the gloves that makes him real glad those mattresses are there.

FULTON. Boxes too?

HENRY. Yes, indeed. If you ever go to the Reverend Doctor Bradford's church and they pass you the contribution box, you want to settle. (*Smiles*)

FULTON. (*Smiling*) Oh! That's what the Times meant by its allusions to muscular Christianity.

HENRY. (*Joining* FULTON *at rail*) In a measure. You see Cliff's always gone in for athletics. This—this backyard business was *my* idea. Once or twice when I've had a busy winter, too many dinners—too much of this. (*Touching bottle*) I've gone up to Muldoon's and got down to my proper weight again.

FULTON. Muldoon's?

HENRY. Billy Muldoon—don't know him? Certainly you do. Held the world's championship for

wrestling—years and years—(FULTON *nods*) Retired unbeaten and opened a sanitarium up here in Westchester County. Well, when Cliff got all run down this winter—nerves and everything—you read about it—*laughed* right out at a funeral where he was the officiating clergyman——

FULTON. No!

HENRY. Yes—But then that's Cliff's weak point. If it wasn't for his sense of humor Cliff'd be the banner clergyman of New York. Yes, sir—Well, as I tell you he "went back" so much——

FULTON. "Went back?"

HENRY. Physically.

FULTON. Yes, yes.

HENRY. That I advised him to go to Bill Muldoon's. He did look it over but Billy said he'd better not. Nice fellow Muldoon—gentleman's instinctive feeling for the fitness of things—He didn't tell Cliff but he told *me,* you see, that a house full of race track chaps—and Wall Street men—and so on—Oh, he gets the best—He instinctively saw they'd rub Cliff's fur the wrong way; so he sent a private instructor down here.

FULTON. A masseur, I suppose.

HENRY. Ha, ha. Well, hardly—No, sir, a professional instructor—wrestling, boxing, anything. You know Cliff was quite a boy at College. Got a hatful of medals for it.

FULTON. Indeed?

HENRY. (*Nodding*) Runs in the family. Mattie's just like him—hard as a base ball.

FULTON. Mattie?

HENRY. Mrs. Waterman—his sister.

FULTLN. Oh, your wife?

HENRY. Yes—Golf—swim—take a five bar gate on her hunter! See her in the box at the opera you'd simply say "trim, well groomed woman", but——

(*Closing fst*) got an arm like a stocking full of green apples—(*Smoking*)

FULTON. (*Regarding the back yard*) And Dr. Bradford takes his exercise there?

HENRY. Two half hours every day.

FULTON. (*Looking about*) And the neighbors?

HENRY. Can't see him—Some Japanese screens there—Pull over—make an awning; notice?

FULTON. I see; and the newspaper people object to that, do they?

HENRY. Only the *Times*. It was one of their proprietors that Cliff was burying at the funeral. Cliff was saying all the nice things he could about him——

FULTON. Naturally——

HENRY. —man was *dead*—and anyway Cliff's an awfully liberal minded clergyman—so—he was being decent, you understand when he happened to catch the eye of one of the reporters that had been sent up to "do" the funeral—*Well;* the young fellow half smiled and kind o' shut one eye that way—(*Winks; and then with explosive vigor dramatizing the clergyman's predicament he throws up both hands*) Well, think of it—and Cliff's sense of humor! He made a struggle of course and he'd have pulled through if this little reporter'd only gone *out*—but there he *was* with a half strangled grin, getting more infectious every minute—*Well!!* Dr. Bradford covered his face with his handkerchief and tried to pass the business off for tears, but dear me—*you* read about it; the *assistant* had to finish and Cliff pretended to be ill and all that; but naturally the Times never forgave him for it. We *stood* their criticisms of *that* affair but when they began assailing Cliff's private character why, we sued them for libel. (*Smokes*)

FULTON. His private character? *I* didn't see that.

HENRY. Didn't your daughter *write* you about it?

FULTON. No.

HENRY. Happened since she's been here.

FULTON. (*Anxiously*) It's nothing about Catherine herself?

HENRY. Oh, dear no.

FULTON. You're quite sure.

HENRY. Perfectly.

FULTON. *Any* woman involved?

HENRY. Oh, not that way—Well here—I'll read it to you. (*Calls to library*) Mattie—James—Oh, that you, Mattie?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*In library*) Yes, it's I.

HENRY. Won't you hand me the scrap book from the big table there with Cliff's notice in it.

FULTON. Is Mrs. Waterman not sensitive about it?

HENRY. Not a bit.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Appearing in window, 2nd story*) Here you are. (*Handing book*) Is there anybody that hasn't read that interesting publication?

HENRY. Mr. Fulton hasn't. Tell Cliff to come down here, my dear.

(MRS. WATERMAN *disappears.*)

FULTON. I'm not detaining you?

HENRY. Oh, no. (*With book*) Here we are—Under *religious* notes mind you. (*Reads*) "The Reverend Clifton Bradford is taking a more muscular and, if possible, a more humorous view of life during these days, than even that which he formerly enjoyed. He had as companions to a sufficiently jolly little dinner last week, Kid Garvey, the champion middle weight prize-fighter and Miss Myrtle Morrison, the leading serio comic and short

skirt dancer from the Pleasure Palace"—Whole cloth, mind you—whole cloth.

FULTON. But how *dare* they? Here comes Dr. Bradford himself. (*Tries to hide book*)

HENRY. Oh, Cliff doesn't care.

(*Enter* BRADFORD *from the house.*)

BRADFORD. (*Referring to book*) Sufficiently piquant, eh?

FULTON. But why?

BRADFORD. Oh—an old enmity.

HENRY. I've told him about that.

BRADFORD. We've ignored the preceding publication.

HENRY. Nothing like that however.

BRADFORD. Oh, no.

HENRY. (*To* FULTON) And it's always been a question *before* as to whether the stuff was libellous or not. You see they gave a *humorous* slant to everything.

FULTON. Oh, I know them.

HENRY. (*Closing the book*) And that's such an easy thing to do if you've got a clergyman for your target.

FULTON. Yes, yes.

HENRY. Our lawyer's Newton Bates.

FULTON. (*In admiration*) Newton Bates?

HENRY. Won't *he* make 'em squirm?

FULTON. Ah.

HENRY. You know they wanted him on the Beecher trial only the other counsel thought him too young at that time.

BRADFORD. Member of my congregation.

FULTON. (*In appreciation*) *'m.*

BRADFORD. (*To* HENRY) Judge Bates says that's actionable? (*Indicates book*)

HENRY. Unquestionably.

FULTON. No ground for it at all?

BRADFORD. (*At rail*) None—except that I'm doing a little gymnastic work here—my sister's private residence.

FULTON. And your instructor's *not* a prize fighter?

BRADFORD *and* HENRY. (*Both exclaim*) Oh!

BRADFORD. (*Shaking his head*) A mere boy—named Sheldon—charming manners—not an educated man to be sure—that is, not a *college* man, but——

FULTON. To be sure——

HENRY. (*Emphatically*) But he knows his business.

BRADFORD. (*With laugh*) Ha!

HENRY. (*With more enthusiasm to* FULTON) Why, I thought Dr. Bradford was falling down as a *joke*—This Sheldon—mere boy you understand—doesn't seem to hit him any harder than that—(*Taps* FULTON'S *arm*) Looks like a kitten playing with the darning cotton.

BRADFORD. *Feels* different however.

HENRY. Cliff had him tap *me* just for fun, on the shoulder—now I'm not an *invalid,* am I?

FULTON. (*Smiling*) I shouldn't call you one.

HENRY. Well, he did that—(*Business of light tap*) Mattie and the girls were up at the window—she thought he was brushing a speck of dust off my waistcoat. I stumbled clear across that furthest mattress; and if that back fence hadn't been there, I'd have gone through to Madison avenue—Mattie thought I was " being funny " for the girls, but that night I showed her a green and blue patch *there about* the size of an alarm clock.

FULTON. Man must be a Hercules.

BRADFORD. Quite the contrary.

HENRY. Doesn't *strip* noticeably big.

(*Enter* CATHERINE *from house.*)

CATHERINE. You ready, father?
FULTON. Is it time?
CATHERINE. Almost.
FULTON. I *shall* be—excuse me. (*Exit to house*)

(*Telephone bell off.*)

BRADFORD. Beautiful evening for your concert-party, Miss Catherine.
CATHERINE. Oh, it isn't *my* party.
BRADFORD. No?
CATHERINE. (*Shaking her head*) It's Mr. Lumley's. (*She puts on gloves*)
HENRY. You *must* see the difference Doctor—*Lumley's* party, not *Catherine's*.
BRADFORD. One of the weaknesses of my profession always has been its impulse to prophecy.
CATHERINE. (*Stupidly*) What's he talking about, Mr. Waterman?
HENRY. About you and Lumley. These minister fellows, Catherine, watch the society columns like your father and I watch the markets. Their incomes depend on *social futures*.
CATHERINE. Oh, I don't know anything about business.
HENRY. Well, you won't have to if you marry Lumley.
CATHERINE. It isn't at all certain that I *shall* marry Mr. Lumley.
HENRY. Isn't it?
CATHERINE. No—I may not marry anybody.

(*Enter* JAMES, *a butler.*)

JAMES. Pardon, sir. There's a call at the telephone.
HENRY. Me?
JAMES. (*Clearing table*) Yes, sir.

HENRY. Excuse me. (*Exit to house*)

BRADFORD. I was going to ask you to excuse me from the concert this evening Miss Catherine but if the party's entirely Mr. Lumley's I'll ask him.

(*Exit* JAMES *with coffee cups and napkins.*)

CATHERINE. Can't you go?

BRADFORD. I have some writing that I shouldn't neglect any longer and besides that, Mr. Sheldon's coming to get his things this evening.

CATHERINE. (*Interested and surprised*) Mr. Sheldon?

BRADFORD. Yes.

CATHERINE. His *things?* Why?

BRADFORD. He's through with me for the present—I've graduated.

CATHERINE. And he's not coming *any* more—at all.

(*Enter* JAMES.)

BRADFORD. No—(*At steps*) James!

JAMES. (*Going to* BRADFORD) Yes, sir.

BRADFORD. Mr. Sheldon's coming to take the gloves and shoes and some other things that belong to him. I'll show you which ones they are and you can help him do them up.

JAMES. (*Sulkily*) Yes, sir.

BRADFORD. (*To* CATERINE) You'll excuse me a moment.

CATHERINE. Certainly.

BRADFORD. (*Going down steps*) And to-morrow these mattresses can be put in the trunk room.

JAMES. (*Following, with disapproval*) Yes, sir.

CATHERINE. (*Alone*) He's not coming any more at all.

ESTELLE. (*From third story balcony*) Shall we need opera glasses, Catherine—what do you think?

CATHERINE. I'm not going.

ESTELLE. Not going—why?

CATERINE. I've changed my mind.

ESTELLE. Why?

CATHERINE. (*Quick glance to garden*) I'll tell you later.

(*Enter* MRS. MATTIE WATERMAN *from house. She is the athletic New York woman of thirty-three.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh. All alone, Catherine?

CATHERINE. Dr. Bradford has just left me.

MRS. WATERMAN. My! what a pretty gown my dear.

CATHERINE. You like it?

MRS. WATERMAN. Who wouldn't like it? Now don't tell me *that* was made in Philadelphia, too.

CATHERINE. Yes, it was.

MRS. WATERMAN. Well, you certainly have found a treasure in that woman.

ESTELLE. Do you think so, Mrs. Waterman?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Looking up to balcony*) Oh, you there—Estelle? Why of course I think so. I never saw anything like it. I've two gowns that I brought from Paris that I'd give her for it this minute if it would fit me. You *must* carry a long wrap with that, my dear. You know the concert's on the roof and the chairs are bound to have *some* dust on them—soot or something.

CATHERINE. You might bring my gray cloak, Estelle.

ESTELLE. You'll *go*, then? Good. (*Exit*)

MRS. WATERMAN. What does she mean, Catherine? Did you think of *not* going?

CATHERINE. I'm not sure that I shall.

MRS. WATERMAN. You're not ill, Catherine dear.

CATHERINE. Oh, half—no, it isn't that—but I just can't go to-night.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Anxiously*) My dear! What is it? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) You *must* tell me, my dear.

CATHERINE. Since my engagement's been published, I've felt half dazed all the time.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Comfortingly*) And quite excusably, my dear Catherine; Reggy Lumley's the catch of the season.

CATHERINE. But, I want to *think* about it. I don't want to be rushed, in this way.

MRS. WATERMAN. Rushed—Why there's no day set is there?

CATHERINE. No—but—the man himself—Why don't *you* tell me what to do?

MRS. WATERMAN. Why, I will, of course. What is it?

CATHERINE. If I really loved him, I'd want to see him this evening, wouldn't I? and I don't.

MRS. WATERMAN. You don't?

CATHERINE. No—I don't. My hands are so cold at the thought, that my gloves don't fit me.

MRS. WATERMAN. Why, you strange creature—and when you were here in *October,* you could scarcely wait until the evening for him to *call.*

CATHERINE. I know it and I liked him in *Philadelphia* too.

MRS. WATERMAN. Well, of course, *that* doesn't mean so much—and *now?*

CATHERINE. (*Explaining and extending her limp arms*) This way.

MRS. WATERMAN. And you think it's the *announcement* that has caused the change in you, my dear?

CATHERINE. Oh, no, it's more than that.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*with match-making eagerness*) Catherine!—you've met some one else—(CATHERINE *turns away*) My dear Catherine! (*Puts arm about her*) Tell me. (CATHERINE

shakes her head) But, my dear, you haven't *seen* anybody else. Besides poor *Lumley* you haven't seen anybody but in *this house*. (CATHERINE *covers her face*) Catherine! It can't be that——

CATHERINE. (*Impulsively*) Oh, don't *ask* me—

MRS. WATERMAN. I won't—I won't—not a *word*, my dear. (*Pause*) Does Estelle know? (*Looks up at balcony*—CATHERINE *nods*) What does *she* say? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) Doesn't approve, eh? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) 'm—Well, my dear, *your aunt Mattie*——

CATHERINE. *Please* don't ask me?

MRS. WATERMAN. Not a word, dear, not a word. (*Pause*) He's nice of course. (CATHERINE *nods*) Money? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) Business man? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) Professional? (CATHERINE *nods*. MRS. WATERMAN *embraces her protectingly*) Well, if you *love* him, my dear, a professional man makes a very good husband—that is if—(*Pause*) He's not a lawyer? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) Not a physician? (CATHERINE *shakes her head*) Not a——

CATHERINE. Oh, please don't ask me.

MRS. WATERMAN. Not a word, my dear—not a word. There—there—(*Pause*) Well, if he hasn't money I hope he *has* youth and health. (CATHERINE *nods*) He's a good *physical* specimen? (CATHERINE *nods*) Good! Good—(*Pause*) But, dear me, it's going to be a trifle hard on Reggie Lumley, —though Reggie really deserves it.

CATHERINE. Oh, Mrs. Waterman—what *shall* I do?

MRS. WATERMAN. You're quite sure you *love* him?

CATHERINE. Yes.

MRS. WATERMAN. Has he proposed to you?

CATHERINE. Oh, no.

MRS. WATERMAN. Of course he hasn't—(*Pause*)

Do? Well, the *first* thing to do my dear, is to *make* him propose.

CATHERINE. But my father won't like it at all—he *won't* like the man's profession, and he won't like his being poor.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*With some hauteur*) 'm. The gentleman's profession *supports* him, doesn't it?

CATHERINE. Oh, yes.

MRS. WATERMAN. And it *improves others?*

CATHERINE. Oh, yes.

MRS. WATERMAN. Well, let me tell you, my dear, that this getting married is a very *personal* thing; and if you love the man and you don't love Reggie Lumley at all——

CATHERINE. But I'm not sure of *that.* I think I love Mr. Lumley too—Do you think a girl can love *two* men, Mrs. Waterman?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*A trifle behind the times*) Well, my dear. (*Pauses*) Hardly in the same way.

CATHERINE. Not in the *same* way at all. I'm proud of Mr. Lumley, and I feel so—so *safe* and *protected* and respectable when he's *with* me. But the other one makes me *almost forget* Mr. Lumley. I'm not myself, I feel like running away from people and hiding myself. I feel as though someone should scold me very hard for something I haven't done at all. I feel rebellious and lawless and not like myself. Why sometimes I almost want to strike *Estelle.*

MRS. WATERMAN. Strike *Estelle.* You mean when she opposes you in this new affection?

CATHERINE. Yes.

(*Enter* BRADFORD.)

BRADFORD. I've asked Miss Catherine to excuse me to-night. I shall have to *miss* the concert and—

CATHERINE. *I'm* not going either.

(MRS. WATERMAN *pleased.*)

BRADFORD. Oh, *you're not* going?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*With meaning*) No, Catherine isn't feeling quite herself to-night and we've decided between us that the concert would bore her.

BRADFORD. Oh——

CATHERINE. Do you mind, Mrs. Waterman, if I pick one of those roses? (*In garden* L.)

MRS. WATERMAN. Take as many as you like, my dear.

CATHERINE. Thank you. (*Goes down steps* L. MRS. WATERMAN *nods to* BRADFORD *to look at* CATHERINE, *he does so and looks back inquiringly*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Pretty?

BRADFORD. Very.

MRS. WATERMAN. She's about as stylish a girl as we know, Cliff, dear.

BRADFORD. Yes, I think she is.

MRS. WATERMAN. *Everything* looks well on her. There's an old fright of a gown done in Philadelphia and she makes it look as if it had been made in Paris.

BRADFORD. A very misleading young woman, altogether.

MRS. WATERMAN. Misleading? (BRADFORD *nods*) What do you mean by that?

BRADFORD. She looks wise enough to give Greek lessons to Minerva and she hasn't the brains of a wax doll.

MRS. WATERMAN. Why, Cliff, you're mistaken.

BRADFORD. (*Amused*) Am I, Mattie?

MRS. WATERMAN. You're very *much* mistaken. I've seen a pincushion that she painted just as handsome as anything in the shops.

BRADFORD. Really?

MRS. WATERMAN. And I'm sure she plays *very* well and while she doesn't talk glibly at all, *all* the

men, *every one* of them, are crazy about her, I'm sure, just crazy.

BRADFORD. She seems fairly popular when her friend Miss Kitteridge is with her.

MRS. WATERMAN. They make a very good contrast.

BRADFORD. Very.

MRS. WATERMAN. Estelle—(*Looks cautiously at window*) *Estelle's* as plain as a mud fence and *Catherine's* a howling beauty.

BRADFORD. Yes?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Getting annoyed*) Yes, and you're very much mistaken, Cliff dear, if you think the men are attracted by Estelle—they come to *see* Catherine.

BRADFORD. They come to *look* at Miss Fulton, I dare say, but they remain to *talk* with Miss Kitteridge.

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh, you over-estimate the value of *talk*—all ministers do.

BRADFORD. So I begin to fear.

MRS. WATERMAN. A man doesn't *marry* a woman because she can *talk*. Men frequently *quit* them for it. No indeed—a man wants a wife that's stylish and *looks* well—one who—as Henry would say—who "can make a front". I'm sorry to see you so interested in the Kitteridge girl, Cliff. She's only a *companion,* you know. It wouldn't surprise me if she got *a salary*.

BRADFORD. My profession, Mattie, has no deep-seated prejudice against salary.

MRS. WATERMAN. So I've observed; but her salary would *stop* if she got married and her ability to talk might even *increase*.

BRADFORD. It would naturally grow with her information.

MRS. WATERMAN. So would Catherine's and it might turn out that even *Catherine'd* talk all you

wanted her to. There's a depth of feeling in the girl that none of us has dreamed of—and she's certainly very bright at times.

BRADFORD. Indeed—I've failed to notice that.

MRS. WATERMAN. There are many things, my dear brother, that you fail to notice.

BRADFORD. True.

MRS. WATERMAN. For one thing you fail to notice that the poor girl's dead in love with you.

BRADFORD. (*Astonished and annoyed*) What?

MRS. WATERMAN. Sh—yes, *you*—I mean it. You've driven her almost frantic with it.

BRADFORD. Miss Fulton?

MRS. WATERMAN. Yes.

BRADFORD. Ridiculous, why she's engaged to *marry* Reginald Lumley.

MRS. WATERMAN. That's a mere bit of *finesse*.

BRADFORD. A bit of *what?*

MRS. WATERMAN. Finesse—she's trying to pique you into saying something yourself.

BRADFORD. (*Warningly*) Now see here, Mattie—I *said* the poor girl didn't know anything, but don't tell me she's *immoral*.

MRS. WATERMAN. Cliff dear—you ministers would do twice as much good in this world if you didn't call things such dreadful names. *Immoral* is a word we apply to a lady after the court decides that she deserves it and gives the divorce to the *husband*. A simple *engagement*—in fact the very *first* engagement; and as pretty a girl as Catherine is mere vivacity. Now I won't *talk* to you, Cliff—*I* won't.

BRADFORD. I shouldn't Mattie, if I were you. It strikes me the burden of responsibility is in the other direction.

MRS. WATERMAN. Never mind. The girl loves you—she's got *money* and you haven't even a certainty in your profession.

BRADFORD. No?

MRS. WATERMAN. No—with your ability to get amusement out of the *burial service.*

BRADFORD. Now, see here, Mattie. We both know all about that. I have unfortunately laughed at critical moments when it would have been more generally agreeable to have remained serious. I admit it—but my vestry understood the conditions very well. They recognize that when I'm amused it is at some ridiculous pretence and not at any virtue or at any laudable endeavor. It seems somewhat incongruous that I should retain *their* confidence and that my own sister——

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Going to him*) Why, Cliff, it isn't *you.* It's your *profession.* Some ministers are born for it. They'd *rather* be good—but you're a man who could *enjoy* life if you had money.

BRADFORD. My dear Mattie!——

MRS. WATERMAN. No, listen to me, Cliff. We both know that your profession's a great struggle. Now here's the richest girl in Philadelphia. I've suspected it all along—when you're boxing or wrestling out there she's at the window——

BRADFORD. No—no—no—*why Mattie,* I *couldn't marry* a woman I didn't love, even if——

MRS. WATERMAN. But Cliff, dear, you haven't tried——

BRADFORD. And I don't mean to *try*—I'm not striving to *get out* of the ministry, Mattie. I'm working the hardest I know how to stay in it. And if I *can* marry, the woman will be one of character and——

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Mocking*) And piety.

BRADFORD. I shan't insist on that—but I shall hope for some intelligence and spirituality.

(*Enter* HENRY *and* LUMLEY. LUMLEY *is a young man of more money than brains.*)

HENRY. Mr. Lumley, my dear.

LUMLEY. (*Following*) I came a trifle early because——

(JAMES *re-enters by steps* L. *and removes umbrella from table—closing it.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Taking* LUMLEY'S *hand*) That was very proper, I'm sure.

BRADFORD. Good-evening; we were just discussing you, Mr. Lumley.

LUMLEY. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Pleasantly, I hope.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Smiling*) Oh, yes.

BRADFORD. (*Insinuatingly*) My sister was planning a little *surprise* for you.

(JAMES *removes table cloth and blanket pad.*)

LUMLEY. Oh, I hope I haven't spoiled it, I love a surprise.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Warningly*) Cliff!

(*Exit* JAMES *to house.*)

LUMLEY. At least *tell* me what it's about. A surprise is so much more enjoyable if one knows what its *about.* (BRADFORD *points off to* CATHERINE) Oh—Ah, I hadn't seen Catherine. (*Calling off left to* CATHERINE) Good-evening. (*Impulsively starts off. Pause—to* MRS. WATERMAN) I may? (*Indicates stairs*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Why, of course.

LUMLEY. Thank you. (*Exit by stairs*)

HENRY. *What* surprise?

BRADFORD. Why Mattie advises me to——

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Interrupting and looking*

quickly toward garden) Cliff? (*To* HENRY) Nothing at all.

HENRY. Oh—(*Turns away to rail*)

BRADFORD. Can't we tell *Henry?*

MRS. WATERMAN. I'll tell him myself some other time.

HENRY. Handsome couple aren't they?

MRS. WATERMAN. Very—But don't stare at them, Henry. Can't you see there's a little unpleasantness?

HENRY. Is there? Unpleasantness?

MRS. WATERMAN. Yes—Some little disagreement probably.

BRADFORD. (*Smiling and nodding toward yard*) Best place in the world for an argument.

HENRY. Two mattresses—yes—ha, ha!

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Chiding*) Henry!

HENRY. (*In mock obedience*) What is it, Mattie?

MRS. WATERMAN. They'll think you're laughing at *them.*

HENRY. Well—I am.

(*Enter* ESTELLE *from house with cloak for* CATHERINE.)

ESTELLE. Everybody ready?

MRS. WATERMAN. I think so.

ESTELLE. Didn't I hear Mr. Lumley's voice?

BRADFORD. (*Indicating garden*) In the garden.

ESTELLE. (*Seeing*) Oh.

HENRY. But you mustn't look at them.

ESTELLE. No?

MRS. WATERMAN. Catherine isn't going to the concert, and she's telling him so.

ESTELLE. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Why not—Has she told you?

BRADFORD. (*With back to rail*) Its a little *surprise* we're arranging for Reggie—(*Nods off*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*To* BRADFORD) Nonsense. (*To* ESTELLE) But the rest of us will go, of course—I'm really sorry for Reggie, but then——

BRADFORD. But then *finesse* is *finesse*—isn't it, Mattie?

HENRY. (*Moving from rail*) Time!

MRS. WATERMAN. (*To* HENRY) What is it?

HENRY. First round's over—they're coming. (*Nonchalantly tries empty bottle*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Turning with society manner*) Oh!—Did you find some pretty ones? (*Goes to rail.* HENRY *winks to* BRADFORD)

CATHERINE. (*Off*) All these—You won't scold me, will you?

MRS. WATERMAN. Not this time, my dear.

(BRADFORD *goes to* ESTELLE R.)

ESTELLE. Is the finesse Catherine's or your sister's?

BRADFORD. *You* know of it?

(*Enter* CATHERINE *followed by* LUMLEY.)

ESTELLE. (*Shaking head*) Only what you just said—but of course the ministry *wouldn't use* finesse, and Wall Street—(*Nodding toward* WATERMAN) doesn't know how. So it must be finesse by one of the ladies.

BRADFORD. But you think *either* Wall Street or the Ministry might prove susceptible *to* it.

ESTELLE. Both!

LUMLEY. (*At top of steps*) It's too bad, isn't it, that Miss Catherine isn't feeling well?

HENRY. (*With surprise*) Not feeling well?

(CATHERINE *shakes her head and looks at* ESTELLE *who has a glance of enquiry.*)

LUMLEY. But she heroically insists that the rest of us shall go to the concert.

CATHERINE. (*Demurely*) I shan't mind being alone at all.

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh, you won't be *alone,* my dear—all the servants here, and Doctor Bradford's staying in——

LUMLEY. (*Disappointed*) Oh! Doctor Bradford can't go either?

BRADFORD. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Yes, I've decided to *go.*

(CATHERINE *half smiles, biting her under lip in restraint.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*With disapproving surprise*) Oh—you have?

(BRADFORD *nods with decision.*)

HENRY. (*To* BRADFORD) It'll be a trifle late however, Doctor.

BRADFORD. Will it?

HENRY. (*Nods off*) My telephone was Judge Bates—he's coming over to see *you.*

BRADFORD. Oh—(*To* LUMLEY) Then I *shall* be late of course.

LUMLEY. (*Getting his tickets*) Oh—(*Pause*) Well, I'll leave you a coupon anyway and give your name to the man at the *door.*

MRS. WATERMAN. You might leave *two.* Catherine may feel better after a while.

CATHERINE. No, I'm sure I sha'n't.

(LUMLEY *gives two coupons to* BRADFORD. *Enter* FULTON.)

FULTON. I hope I haven't kept you waiting. Good-evening, Reginald.

LUMLEY. Good-evening. Too bad Catherine isn't feeling well.

FULTON. (*Anxious*) Why, my dear——

CATHERINE. It's nothing, father. I'm sure I shall be all right as soon as you've gone and I lie down a few minutes.

FULTON. I'll stay home *with* you.

CATHERINE. No, no—you mustn't. I want you to hear the *concert*—I want you *all* to hear it.

(*Exit to house.*)

FULTON. (*Follows*) My dear Catherine——

LUMLEY. We can *postpone* it of course, Mrs. Waterman.

MRS. WATERMAN. We should only lose our evening; *all* of us. Catherine wishes to be *alone*, you see. (*Exit*)

LUMLEY. Oh. (*Follows*)

ESTELLE. Do the "finesse" and the "surprise" relate to the same subject?

BRADFORD. I believe they do.

ESTELLE. Mrs. Waterman evidently approved?

BRADFORD. (*With a look to* HENRY) So it seems.

ESTELLE. (*With some perplexity*) Oh—(*Exit*)

HENRY. What's she mean by that?

BRADFORD. She means that nobody in particular is *fooling her*.

HENRY. Who *is* being fooled. (BRADFORD *shrugs his shoulders*) What's the *surprise* Mattie's arranging for Reggie?

BRADFORD. Mattie's going to marry the Fulton girl to *me*.

HENRY. Good! And is Barkis willing?

BRADFORD. Barkis is not willing.

HENRY. (*Amused*) I'll be sorry to *lose* you, Cliff, but if Mattie's set her *mind* on it you'll either

have to marry the girl or move into an hotel. This place'll get too warm for you.

BRADFORD. (*Annoyed*) Mattie's my sister and now that you've been married as long as you have—there's no particular *disloyalty* in my criticising her to *you*——

HENRY. (*Warningly*) I shall be a very prejudiced umpire.

BRADFORD. Be as partisan as you like; don't you think there's something heinously cold-blooded in suggesting to *steal* another man's fiancee simply for her *money* and——

HENRY. (*Laughing*) My dear Cliff, with your facilities for *Divine* asistance why do you appeal to a weak and mundane *broker*——

BRADFORD. Hang your assistance, Henry—I only wish to know if all my associates are as worldly minded as that.

HENRY. I fear I'm very commerical *myself* and ten years evil communication has probably corrupted *Mattie*.

BRADFORD. (*Pause*) How much longer do they visit here?

HENRY. Fulton's over only for the day.

BRADFORD. Of course. I mean the young ladies?

HENRY. Oh, that's entirely in Mattie's hands. (*Suddenly*) And—and *yours*——

BRADFORD. And *mine?*

HENRY. (*Nodding*) Yes, if you stubbornly *hold out*—you know it may take Mattie a *year* to get you together.

BRADFORD. Oh——

(*Re-enter* ESTELLE *with cloak which she puts on a chair.*)

ESTELLE. May I wait out here with you gentlemen?

BRADFORD. Delighted.

ESTELLE. Thank you.

BRADFORD. (*Indicating house*) Any further complications?

ESTELLE. (*Smiling*) Mr. Lumley wishes to wait for Catherine to recover and Mrs. Waterman is explaining the hopelessness of that plan.

HENRY. Mattie'd better not manage too enthusiastically. Maybe a slight *cough* on my part—eh? (*To* BRADFORD)

BRADFORD. At least a cough. (*Exit* HENRY) (*To* ESTELLE) I feel very sorry for Miss Catherine.

ESTELLE. I feel sorry for her poor father.

BRADFORD. Do you—why?

ESTELLE. Because he takes all her little whims so very seriously.

BRADFORD. Has she many whims?

ESTELLE. Quite as many as the usual American girl. My father and Mr. Fulton were dear friends. My father had no chance to repay the great kindness of Mr. Fulton and *I* may never have a chance, but I can at least avoid adding to his cares.

BRADFORD. I'm sure Mr. Fulton must feel very grateful for your influence upon his daughter.

ESTELLE. (*Shaking head*) Catherine's fairly self-willed in important matters and——

BRADFORD. I meant your *unconscious* influence.

ESTELLE. Oh—Thank you—you think it valuable?

BRADFORD. Quite.

ESTELLE. I should feel more complimented if you had had more opportunities to judge.

BRADFORD. They are limited as to Miss Catherine perhaps, but you must remember that I observe your influence upon this entire house-hold here. It is normal and womanly. Our plans for a day drift into quite other channels when you are part of the conference.

ESTELLE. Oh, don't say that I *manage,* Doctor. I don't like a managing girl.

BRADFORD. I shan't.

ESTELLE. I never introduce a topic—never.

BRADFORD. Perhaps not, but you bring sanity and moderation to its discussion. You bring moderation and temperance to our way of living if I may say so. There—there isn't as much wine drunk at this table as there was before you came.

ESTELLE. I knew you were judging unfairly. That's Catherine's influence, not mine. Catherine's a blue ribbon girl—a tee-totle crank. *I* like a little wine, myself.

BRADFORD. So do I. Total Abstinence isn't temperance. It's total abstinence. I really believe that the example of your drinking one glass of wine and only one—tones up the resolutions of a man like—(*Starts to indicate table*) well, any man, much more than Miss Catherine's refusal. Yours is control. Her's is prejudice. Or, at least, we argue that way.

ESTELLE. This is all very flattering, Doctor Bradford, and I'm almost tempted to accept it, but I'm not as good as you think. To begin with, I'm an awfully stingy person—I think I'd drink a second glass of *beer* sometimes, but I can't drink wine that costs three or four dollars a bottle when there are so many poor women, that I know of, working a whole week for that money. I simply can't do it, that's all.

BRADFORD. I think you said as much to Mrs. Waterman one morning?

ESTELLE. I know it—wasn't it rude of me?

BRADFORD. She didn't consider it rude, I'm sure.

(*Enter* ANN, *the Cook—Irish—by stairs*—L.)

ANN. (*With asperity*) Phwere'll you have this bundle, Doctor Bradford?

BRADFORD. What is it?

ANN. It's a fannel shirt and two towels and some shoes and a horse's billy band and——

BRADFORD. Oh—Mr. Sheldon's things.

ANN. I blave they are, sor.

BRADFORD. Keep them until Mr. Sheldon comes for them, please.

ANN. (*Descending*) James said *you* wanted them.

BRADFORD. James was mistaken.

ANN. (*Grunting as she goes*) Ah—o—I'll put 'em under the porch and Mr. Sheldon can—(*Grows inaudible*)

ESTELLE. (*Smiling*) Ann is plainly not a member of your denomination, Doctor.

BRADFORD. Why plainly?

ESTELLE. She wouldn't disapprove of her *own* pastors taking exercise.

BRADFORD. Has she disapproved of *my* doing so?

ESTELLE. All the servants have.

BRADFORD. Oh, have they? Well, it *has* occasionally added to their *duties.*

ESTELLE. I think the unfriendliness is a question of your prayerbook. We girls add very much to their duties but they like *us.*

BRADFORD. (*With some fervor*) There again you see your influence: and with me too—May I say that it exists, Miss Estelle?

ESTELLE. (*Pause*) If—if it is true.

BRADFORD. It is very true. (*Pause*) Is this knowledge unwelcome?

ESTELLE. (*Very serious and somewhat startled*) It is strange—I don't know.

BRADFORD. Strange—in what way?

ESTELLE. *You've* seemed so *right* to me all the time as you *were,* that I shouldn't have wished to influence you. I've tried to move towards the ideals that you've expressed. I've listened as one who follows, another listens. Why, of course, it's strange.

It couldn't be more strange if the morning paper came out with an editorial saying I'd influenced the editor. (*Laughs anxiously*)

BRADFORD. (*Smiling*) Can't you forget the preacher? Can't you forget that I'm one?

ESTELLE. I have at times—forgotten it.

BRADFORD. When?

ESTELLE. When you've been the athlete—there (*Indicating garden*)

BRADFORD. Won't you remember that under the clergyman, however wide his clerical field, there is always the man, human, susceptible, with every impulse to which a woman speaks—(*Pause*) Will you remember that?

ESTELLE. If you wish it—yes.

BRADFORD. And you won't resent *my* remembering that I'm a man when I can't forget for a moment that you are a woman.

ESTELLE. But I've never, never tried to make you think of me *that way*. Have I?

BRADFORD. I fear not.

(*Enter* HENRY.)

HENRY. This way, Judge—(*To* BRADFORD) Judge Bates—Doctor.

(*Enter* JUDGE BATES. ESTELLE *goes up.*)

BRADFORD. Good-evening, Judge.

JUDGE. (*They shake hands*) Good-evening, Doctor.

(ESTELLE *quietly goes by 2nd door.*)

JUDGE. Now we've only a moment, Doctor. I've *pushed* this matter with the Times. Ordinarily the watchword is "Delay" but in this case I've made

it "Action, *action*." (*Taking chair*) Now to Hecuba. My plan is an editorial retraction *to-morrow*.

HENRY. But Judge, we can't rest on a mere *retraction*.

JUDGE. Rest! Who said rest? My plan is action —action.

BRADFORD. Good.

(*Enter* MRS. WATERMAN.)

MRS. WATERMAN. You don't mind my hearing it, do you?

(HENRY *hushes her*.)

JUDGE. (*Quickly*) Not at all—the retraction is only the beginning—there must be damages. We'll demand one hundred thousand dollars and settle out of court for *fifty* thousand.

HENRY. (*To* BRADFORD) Cliff; I can put fifty thousand into first mortgage bonds——

BRADFORD. *I* couldn't take the money, Henry. If some charitable institution——

JUDGE. (*Interrupting*) All *that* can come later. The paper is sending up the man who wrote the article—I've 'phoned him to meet us here.

HENRY. Why not their *lawyer?*

JUDGE. I don't know.

HENRY. (*Exaggerating*) Oh, it's an appeal for mercy, the fellow'll have a wife and four children and his place on the paper'll be gone if we press the suit——

BRADFORD. Well——

MRS. WATERMAN. Now there's Cliff weakening already. (*She goes to him*)

BRADFORD. Well, he may have children.

HENRY. So may *you* some day—Now you keep still and leave the whole business to the Judge.

(*Enter* JAMES.)

JAMES. Card, sir.

HENRY. (*With card, reads*) "Morton Taylor, New York Times".

JUDGE. That's the man.

HENRY. Show him up?

MRS. WATERMAN. Wait! Not through the house, Henry. If he's the man who wrote that stuff about Cliff, I won't have him come though my *dining-room,* and I don't want to see him *myself.* (*To* JAMES) Where is the person?

JAMES. In the reception room, ma'am, below.

MRS. WATERMAN. Bring him through the tradesmen's entrance. (*Indicates yard*)

JAMES. Yes, ma'am. (*Exit*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Come, Henry, we'll go before he comes.

HENRY. (*Protesting*) But I want to hear the interview.

MRS. WATERMAN. Isn't the Judge enough?

JUDGE. Quite.

MRS. WATERMAN. You *must* go, Henry. Catherine wants Estelle to stay home with her, and we can't *all* desert poor Mr. Lumley.

HENRY. (*Going*) I'll hear a bit of the music, Judge, and then come over to your house.

JUDGE. Make it the Bar Association.

HENRY. Very well.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*In emotion*) Remember, Cliff.

JAMES. (*In garden*) This way, sir.

MRS. WATERMAN. There he is—Oh. (*Exit, followed by* HENRY)

JUDGE. I'd better conduct the interview, Doctor?

BRADFORD. By all means.

JAMES. (*At stairs*) Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR. (*Entering and regarding surroundings*) This is pretty. Kind of roof-garden effect.

(*Exit* JAMES *to house.*)

JUDGE. (*At once to business*) You're Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR. Yes, sir. Good-evening, Doctor.

BRADFORD. Good-evening.

JUDGE. (*Savagely*) I'm Judge Bates.

TAYLOR. (*With irritating quiet*) Oh, I know you, Judge Bates.

JUDGE. Your chief telephoned me that he would send up the young man who wrote the article accusing the Reverend Doctor Bradford of dining with a *prize fighter* and a *skirt-dancer.*

TAYLOR. Yes, sir.

JUDGE. *You* the man?

TAYLOR. Yes, sir—(*To* BRADFORD) I tried to make it humorous, of course, but——

JUDGE. Yes. But we don't take that view of it, Mr. Taylor.

TAYLOR. (*Smiling in conciliation*) I'm sorry. It seems my luck to offend Doctor Bradford when I want him to know that I admire him very much. You know, Doctor, I didn't write any of that stuff about the funeral—not a line—and I'd never have *winked* at you in the world if——

JUDGE. We won't speak of *that,* sir.

TAYLOR. Pardon me, Judge Bates, *I'll* speak of it. (*To* BRADFORD) I just want to say, Doctor, that I had no intention of *breaking you up at* that funeral, and I've never *roasted* you in my life. Even this story about Kid Garvey was touched up by the City Editor.

JUDAE. You admit it was a *story,* do you?

TAYLOR. We *call* them "' stories ". The news-

paper pays for them according to the space they occupy, and——

JUDGE. We won't take pay on the space basis. Now hear *me*. To-morrow your paper must print a retraction of that libel in its editorial columns—understand?

TAYLOR. I understand—but——

JUDGE. (*Commandingly*) *Listen to me*——

TAYLOR. Why listen to *you*. I'm up here to keep Dr. Bradford from being put in a ridiculous position by going into court. We won't retract anything. He knows that the item was right.

BRADFORD. What?

TAYLOR. See here, Doctor—you don't mean to make the usual clerical denial, do you, because the Kid and Myrtle are both personal friends of mine—I'm on the sporting page as well as on the religious and they'll both of them make *affidavits* if I ask them to.

JUDGE. Affidavit to what?

TAYLOR. To having dined with Dr. Bradford as I said they did.

JUDGE. *What!* You threaten subornation of perjury to support——

BRADFORD. Wait, Judge, there's manifestly some misunderstanding. Mr. Taylor has evidently mistaken some other person for *me*.

TAYLOR. (*Smiling*) Oh, no, Doctor. I wish wouldn't do that with me. You're badly *advised*, that's all——

(*An auto horn and machinery is heard off.*)

JUDGE. Badly advised!

TAYLOR. *Very* badly advised.

JUDGE. *I'm* advising Dr. Bradford in this action —*I*.

TAYLOR. That probably explains it.

JUDGE. (*With increasing intensity*) I advise him to get a retraction. I advise him to get the heaviest possible damages a jury will give a verdict for—I advise him to get——

TAYLOR. I advise him to get an attorney.

JUDGE. (*Rising*) You're an impertinent young pup.

TAYLOR. (*Rising slowly through respect*) See here, Judge Bates, my paper doesn't ask me to stand personal abuse. Now it's only your age that makes "impertinent young pup" go with me.

JUDGE. My age!

TAYLOR. That's all. You're old enough to be my father or—I'd—(*Pause*)

JUDGE. You'd *what?* What'd you do, sir, what would you do?

TAYLOR. (*Very quietly*) Why I'd *hit* you on the *nose*.

BRADFORD. (*Interposing as the* JUDGE *blusters*) My friends—one moment.

(*Auto sound ceases.*)

TAYLOR. (*To* BRADFORD) A man shouldn't presume on his physical debility.

JUDGE. Have the man leave the house, Doctor, or I can't answer for the consequences.

BRADFORD. I think, Mr. Taylor, your visit has accomplished all that we can do at this time.

TAYLOR. But if this man is advising you to make a *denial* and back it up with a *law suit*——

JUDGE. You've been asked to *go,* haven't you? Do you want a servant to *kick* you out?

TAYLOR. Oh, there won't anybody *kick me* out, Judge.

BRADFORD. (*Disturbed*) Of course not.

JUDGE. Go.

TAYLOR. This——

(*Enter* JAMES *from dining-room.*)

BRADFORD. One moment, Judge. An automobile just stopped at the house——

JAMES. Mr. Sheldon's come, sir.

JUDGE. Sheldon? Ask him to come up here at once.

JAMES. Yes, sir. (*Exit by stairs*)

JUDGE. Now remember, young man, you were *twice* asked to leave this house and *refused* to do so.

TAYLOR. Is Sheldon going to put me out?

BRADFORD. I hope it won't be necessary, Mr. Taylor, for anybody to use violence.

TAYLOR. I want only half a dozen words with you alone, Doctor.

BRADFORD. (*Refusing*) My case is in my attorney's hands.

(*Enter* KID *from garden.*)

KID. Good-evening, Doctor.

JUDGE. Mr. Sheldon, I want you to throw this man out on the sidewalk.

TAYLOR. Hello, Kid!

KID. (*Easily*) Hello, Taylor, what's the row?

TAYLOR. How's Myrtle?

KID. Great; why?

TAYLOR. I thought she looked a little tired the last time I saw her; when you and she and Doctor Bradford were at the table there, up at Rye Beach.

KID. Tired? I thought she looked *great*. Didn't you, Doctor? That young lady I introduced you to?

BRADFORD. You mean Miss MacCarthy?

KID. Yes.

TAYLOR. She's Miss Myrtle Morrison in the theatres, you understand. She's the Kid's girl.

BRADFORD. You call Mr. Sheldon "Kid"—is that a nickname?

TAYLOR. You didn't know that Mr. Sheldon's professional name was *"Kid Garvey?"*

JUDGE. Kid Garvey? Are you Kid Garvey? (KID *nods. Pause*) The middle weight champion?

KID. (*Easily*) Oh, yes, but I don't *rub it in.* If people don't get on themselves, why I don't go round puttin' 'em wise—but what's the trouble? You don't need *me* to put anybody on the sidewalk with the Doctor there—Eh, Doc! ha, ha.

(BRADFORD *sits stunned after a look at the* JUDGE)

JUDGE. Mr. Taylor. One moment. (*Exit, followed by* TAYLOR)

KID. (*Trying to divine the situation*) The old man go'na try it. (*Laughs*) Say, I want to *see* that. (*Following*)

BRADFORD. Mr. Sheldon! (KID *stops and turns*) Sit down a moment. (KID *returns and sits. Pause.* BRADFORD *slowly passes his hand over his face*)

KID. Ain't you feeling well, Doctor?

BRADFORD. Not very, no.

KID. (*Nodding to house*) same trouble, eh?

BRADFORD. Trifling misunderstanding, yes.

KID. Well, that's a nice fellow all right, that reporter——

BRADFORD. Why didn't you tell me, Sheldon, that you were Kid Garvey when I asked you last week?

KID. Well, you see, Doctor, I only took you on to please Bill Muldoon that's all. Sheldon's my right name, anyway, and Bill—*Bill* said for me not to say anything, see? It was the preachers mostly that backcapped the Horton law here in New York, and you bein' a preacher, Bill thought you might get cold feet.

BRADFORD. I see. (*Pause*) So you considerately said nothing to impair my circulation.

KID. No. Besides it's a rest for a fighter not to have everybody on to what he is. Suppose they put up a fat purse for the best preacher, and you held the belt for America, England and Australia—just suppose—why you wouldn't butt in with your medals every time some guy dropped his guard—now, would you?

BRADFORD. I don't think I should, but in this case it would have spared some trouble if you had been frank with me.

KID. Then again, *you're* wanting to keep everything dark *yourself,* not wanting to go to a regular gym. Or even, put on a sweater and take a run in the Park—why it all tipped me not to get too flossy.

BRADFORD. Naturally, naturally.

(*Re-enter* JUDGE *and* TAYLOR.)

JUDGE. Doctor, Mr. Taylor's going with me to meet Harry at the Bar Association. I think the whole matter will be dropped.

BRADFORD. Very well, Judge.

TAYLOR. And don't get any fixed idea, Doctor, that I'm unfriendly to you.

BRADFORD. Thank you.

TAYLOR. Or the paper either. There's only one man on the entire staff that's got it in for you. Good-night, Kid. (*Exeunt* JUDGE *and* TAYLOR)

KID. Good-night, Beau. (*Pause*) His paper been turnin' you over?

BRADFORD. One might call it that.

KID. Well, everything them fellows say, Doctor, good or bad, helps your business as long as the public don't think you're selling out. What is it they say about *you?*

BRADFORD. Oh, there was a rather unkind account of *our* little lunch at Rye Beach. You didn't see it?

(KID *shakes his head.*)

KID. (*Taking a cigarette*) Got a match, Doctor?

BRADFORD. (*Passing scrap book*) Read that while I get you one. (*Exit*)

KID. (*Slowly because of darkness—with book*) "The Reverend Clifton Bradford is taking a more muscular, and if possible, a more humorous view of life—" (*A rose falls on the book from above*) Hello. (*Regards rose. Looks up—his face lights up with recognition*) Say—(*Looks after* BRADFORD—*in whisper*) I want to see you—(*Gives a signal that* BRADFORD *returns*)

(*Re-enter* BRADFORD, *with alcohol light.*)

BRADFORD. Read it?

KID. Not all. It's kind a dark. (*Takes the lamp and reads, also lighting his cigarette—reads mumbling:*) "Jolly little dinner—m—m—Kid Garvey —m—m short skirt dancer—pleasure palace". (*Speaks*) You know *I* ought to kick on that—Myrtle's at *Kieth's*. She hasn't done a turn at the *Pleasure Palace* in two years. You know they don't care *what* they say, these newspaper guys. (*Pause*) That sort of thing don't help a girl any.

BRADFORD. You can tell the young lady that I sympathize with her.

KID. (*Putting book on table*) I will; and she'll appreciate it. You made a hit with her.

BRADFORD. (*Pause*) I'm very much obliged, Mr. Sheldon, for the good you've done me physically. I think I still owe you twenty dollars.

KID. Oh, that's good any time.

BRADFORD. Better now. (*Hands a bill*)

KID. And you don't have to call me Sheldon any more if you don't want to—men that know me as well as you do call me Kid. (*Rises*)

BRADFORD. Thank you. I had your things wrapped up for you. The cook has them. (*Crosses toward rail*)

KID. (*Killing time, and watching window*) Thanks. Can't sell you that automobile, then?

BRADFORD. I don't think I could use it, really.

KID. We made that run to Rye Beach all right, didn't we?

BRADFORD. Excellent speed—almost too fast for a clergyman, perhaps.

KID. (*Reflectively*) Rye Beach! (*Pause*) What was the lawyer and that reporter scrappin' about?

BRADFORD. Oh, the Judge had begun suit against the paper. That is what I might have avoided if you hadn't have been so modest.

KID. Suit? Why?

BRADFORD. Well you see, I didn't know that you were *the*—Kid Garvey, or that Miss McCarthy was the dancer Miss Morrison, and the whole thing seemed malicious—it seemed invented.

KID. (*Pause*) Oh! (*Getting sullen—pause*) So you sued the paper?

BRADFORD. An action was contemplated, yes.

KID. I see. Havin' a sandwich with *me* was bad enough to sue about was it?

BRADFORD. Well, you read the item—t'wasn't so much the fact as it was the spirit of it.

KID. Lemme see that. (*Takes book and light again. Reads*)

BRADFORD. My vestry has asked some very annoying questions about the item.

KID. Who?

BRADFORD. My vestry.

KID. Who's she?

BRADFORD. The vestry is the managing board of my church—a council of gentlemen.

KID. A silk-stocking bunch, I suppose.

BRADFORD. They might be more democratic, no doubt.

KID. (*Putting book on table*) Well, say, Doctor, you tell 'em from me that I draw just as much water in *my* profession as any of them does in *theirs*. I've come out of the ring in nothing but a pair of skates and and a "G" string and shook hands with the best men in the country.

BRADFORD. Oh, it isn't a personal matter Sheldon. It is an ethical one. It's a clergyman's duty to do anything he can for every man; and in your case it would be a great pleasure besides, because you're a most likeable chap—but, don't you see, it's the business. Clergymen don't dine with—with *Champions* because that would be as much as to say that the cleryman approved of the—of the champion's business, and besides that, you own a liquor place, don't you?

KID. I own a saloon, yes. Every fighter owns one if he wins out.

BRADFORD. Well of course, a clergyman isn't expected to approve of *that*.

KID. I suppose not. But on the Rye Beach trip, I just wanted to show you my auto. I thought nobody'd pay any attention to us. Thousands of people that know me in the ring don't know me at all with my *clothes* on—and meeting Myrtle there was pure accident.

BRADFORD. I'm sure of it.

KID. Because I *like* you, Doctor. You're a sure hit with *me*, and I don't need anybody's money. My saloon's worth 500 a week and I can turn ten thousand clear with a dub "knock out." I took your money just to make you feel easy, that's all, and you tell your vestry gazabos that I did *this* with

the last 20 you gave me. (*Lights the bill by the lamp and starts to light his cigarette*)

(*Enter* ESTELLE.)

BRADFORD. (*Catching the bill and putting out the fire*) Don't do that, Sheldon. It isn't like you. That's the first vain thing I've ever seen you do.

KID. Why not do it? Good-evening—(*To* ESTELLE, *easily*)

ESTELLE. Good-evening.

BRADFORD. Because it's burning a week's sustenance for some family. If you don't want it, Miss Kitteridge would like it, I'm sure, to send to needy persons whom she knows, persons in distress, want and misery.

KID. All right, give it to her.

ESTELLE. Why was Mr. Sheldon burning it?

BRADFORD. (*Going* C. *to* ESTELLE) That I might tell my vestrymen that the champion middle weight fighter of the world, "Kid Garvey", doesn't need their patronage nor their approval.

ESTELLE. You mean—?

BRADFORD. That Mr. Sheldon is that popular hero.

ESTELLE. Oh.

BRADFORD. Good-night, Sheldon. I must go over to my church a moment, and I've considerable work at my table when I get back.

KID. Good-night. Don't forget to go at the bag, Doctor, every day.

BRADFORD. I won't. (*Going*)

KID. And Doctor.

BRADFORD. (*Stopping at door*) Yes.

KID. (*To* ESTELLE) Excuse me a moment. (*Crosses and apart to* BRADFORD) Now that you know who I *am* you might feel like putting a little something on a *fight* now and then *on the quiet.*

(*Pause*) Keep off the next go of mine in September. I ain't saying anything, only just *keep* off. (*Winks*)

BRADFORD. Thank you, Kid. I promise to keep off. Good-night.

KID. Good-night.

(*Exit* BRADFORD.)

ESTELLE. Mr. Sheldon.

KID. Miss Kitteridge.

ESTELLE. Do you think you've acted the part of a gentleman?

KID. When?

ESTELLE. Do you think Miss Fulton would have given you her confidence as she has if she'd known you were Kid Garvey?

KID. Why not? It makes most women so easy that I don't tell 'em.

ESTELLE. Well, you don't know Catherine. Kid Garvey's a name that's been pretty thoroughly discussed during the last few days in this house. Why, you own a saloon.

KID. (*With pride*) The finest in New York.

ESTELLE. Think of it.

KID. Do you ever drink anything, Miss Kitteridge? Lots of fine ladies do, you know.

ESTELLE. Yes. I take a glass of wine with my dinner—yes.

KID. Well I don't—not even with my dinner. (*Displays his cigarette*) Four cigarettes a day.

ESTELLE. But you don't know what you've done. Kiss Fulton's engaged to marry one of the most fashionable and well-known men in New York, and your attention, Mr. Sheldon, attentions that I've almost felt it my duty to report to Mr. Fulton, have made her discontented with her engagement. She's

thinking seriously of saying "no" to the gentleman and all on your account.

KID. Don't *I* take any chances. I'm engaged myself to marry a girl that's got more reputation in a minute than Miss Fulton's friend has got in a year. She's a planet.

ESTELLE. So much the worse, then. All this has been very disloyal to her.

KID. Well, (*Pause*) that's a long story too. Everyone has to do the best he can. I'm being square with your little friend, though.

ESTELLE. Well, be square with yourself. Miss Fulton's waiting for you in the reception room, and——

KID. (*Starting to steps*) Oh.

ESTELLE. (*Stopping him*) But I want you to promise me that this shall be the last time you try to see her, the last time.

KID. Oh, no.

ESTELLE. Yes. You must know, Mr. Sheldon, that Mr. Fulton's daughter cannot continue an acquaintance with a man of your profession—with a man who keeps a saloon.

(*Enter* CATHERINE.)

CATHERINE. Oh! Excuse me.

KID. (*Crossing*) I was just coming to find you.

ESTELLE. Where is Dr. Bradford, Catherine?

CATHERINE. Gone out.

ESTELLE. He has just told me Mr. Sheldon's real name and business——

KID. (*Interrupting*) Not too sudden, pardner. Let me do this, won't you? *We're* the principals here, Miss Fulton and myself.

ESTELE. Very well—you *do* it then.

KID. All right. Suppose you wait in there.

ESTELLE. (*Pauses*) Certainly. (*Exit*)

(KID *blows out the alcohol lamp which leaves the moonlight from the left and the light from the two doors with a shadow thrown by the wall between the doors. He then looks quickly and cautiously about and kisses* CATHERINE, *who is timidly shrinking into the shadow.*)

CATHERINE. Don't!

KID. Why, that light stops anybody from seeing us in this shadow.

CATHERINE. What does Estelle mean?

KID. Oh, I've got some money in a business that she don't like. I ain't in the business myself. Another man runs it for me and I take what it wins.

CATHERINE. Gambling?

KID. Not on your life, a fair and square business with a license from the State. I'll tell you later. You've got some confidence in me, haven't you?

CATHERINE. Yes.

KID. (*Eagerly*) I'm going to see how much. This little friend of yours is too busy. I've never taken any trouble to "get next" with her and its always that way with girls, when a "looker" like you, and an "also ran" like Miss Kitteridge double up, the girl that's just "good to her mother" tries to foul the winner. Now we'll fool her, see?

CATHERINE. I don't understand you.

KID. (*With convincing earnestness*) I'm on the level with you, little one, my real name *is* Sheldon. That's the name I "arrive" at a hotel with and the name I put on a contract. The girl that goes with me will be *Mrs.* Sheldon. She'll get a man that can do a day's work and that never drank a drop in his life.

CATHERINE. I know it.

KID. Now it's up to you. My auto's outside and if you'll pack a little kit that'll stand you over night we'll drop all talking right now.

CATHERINE. Now! Oh, dear, I don't know—I—

KID. If you had any other lady friend but this one——

CATHERINE. I have—I have another. Mrs. Waterman told me to do what I thought best.

KID. Were you talking to her about me?

CATHERINE. Yes.

KID. And she said that, eh? Well, there you are!

CATHERIN. I said you'd never asked me to be your wife, but——

KID. Well, I ask you now—see that? (*Shows a ring*) There's two rubies and a sapphire that a committee that was shy *three thousand dollars* put up to me to cover it. Fit one of your fingers, I guess.

CATHERINE. I'm wearing *one* ring. Of course you know that.

KID. Yes, and I'll be just as open with you. I'm engaged myself—so you see it goes double. Take off that other one.

CATHERINE. To whom are *you* engaged?

KID. She's a star in an Opera Company. I don't suppose the *name* matters. I don't ask *you* any questions, do I?

CATHERINE. No.

KID. Shake. (*She gives him her hand. He embraces her again and kisses her*) It's just a fairy story, my winning a queen like you.

CATHERINE. Is it?

KID. (*With the girl in his arms*) You bet it is.

CATHERINE. Am I a queen?

KID. You're *my* queen all right. (*Gently releases her*) Now I'll go out and light up the coal oil buggy, and when you hear two toots on the horn you step out yourself. (*Crosses toward steps, stops and turns*—) Here's a mask to keep the wind out of your eyes. We'll go to White Plains in half an

hour, and I've got a friend there that'll dig up a preacher and everything'll be as right as rain.

CATHERINE. Don't go yet—not yet.

KID. Better not over-play our luck, Babe. Something may queer us.

CATHERINE. Everybody's gone to the concert.

KID. (*Pushes her toward door*) No, no. Go on, hurry up.

CATHERINE. (*Shrinking*) I've got to go past Estelle.

KID. Never mind her.

CATHERINE. I can't bring a bag down without her seeing it.

KID. Drop it out the window to me. I've got some bundles of my own down stairs and nobody'll see it, *nobody*. Now we're losing good time every second.

CATHERINE. I think I should like to tell Estelle.

KID. Not on your life. Just say we're going for a spin in the bubble.

CATHERINE. But father'll be so frightened when I don't come home.

KID. Send him a note by an A. D. T. boy, now don't be long.

CATHERINE. I won't—Oh (*Hesitates in door*)

ESTELLE. (*Off*) What is it, Catherine?

KID. (*Behind* CATHERINE *in the shadow*) Don't wait. Just side step her.

(*Exit* CATHERINE.)

ESTELLE. (*Loudly*) Catherine, Catherine!

KID. (*Watching*) Never touched her. (*Starts to steps*)

(*Enter* ESTELLE.)

ESTELLE. Mr. Sheldon.

KID. (*At steps*) Hello?

ESTELLE. Where's Catherine going?

KID. She went upstairs, didn't she?

ESTELLE. Yes, and she was carrying an automobile mask in her hand. Why? (*Pause*) You haven't asked Catherine to go out with you, have you?

KID. Why not? It's dark. Who'll see her?

ESTELLE. I shan't let her go.

KID. (*Watching the window*) Well, of course, that's for her to say, not me.

ESTELLE. Have you told her who *you* are?

KID. Oh, yes. She knows my real name now.

CATHERINE. (*On balcony*) Are you there?

KID. Yes. (CATHERINE *drops small handbag*) Look out.

(KID *catches bag.*)

ESTELLE. (*Startled and looking up*) Who's that? Mr. Sheldon—(*Takes hold of bag*) What does this mean?

KID. What?

ESTELLE. This is Catherine's.

KID. I'm borrowing it to take some of my things in, that's all. She can *lend* the bag, can't she?

ESTELLE. I don't believe you.

KID. Well, let go of it, and I'll show you.

ESTELLE. I won't let go of it.

KID. (*Smiling*) You don't think you can hold it, do you, if I start to take it?

ESTELLE. I can hold it a while, and I will, and I can call the servants. (*Calls*) Ann! Ann! James——

(*Enter* CATHERINE.)

CATHERINE. Estelle? what do you mean?

ESTELLE. What do *you* mean, Catherine? This is your bag.

CATHERINE. Give it to me. (*Takes it*) Go, Mr. Sheldon, this way—never mind your things.

KID. (*Taking bag*) When I blow the horn. (*Exit through house*)

ESTELLE. Mr. Sheldon! (*Then to* CATHERINE *who starts in*) Catherine what does this mean? (*Takes hold of her*) At least, *tell* me.

CATHERINE. You mustn't *hold* me, Estelle. (*Picks up cloak*)

ESTELLE. This is a foolish *infatuation,* Catherine dear. I told you you were going too far in it. Think of your father, Catherine—think of your position, dear. Why it's like running away with the coachman—or with James.

CATHERINE. That isn't so, Estelle Kitteridge, Mr. Sheldon's——

ESTELLE. The man's a prize-fighter, my dear, and a saloon keeper.

CATHERINE. I don't believe you. He never drank a drop in his life, he told me so. Dr. Bradford and Mr. Waterman both say he's the most wonderful man they ever knew.

ESTELLE. Of course he is. He's the champion of his *class,* but what is he socially? He may not be even honorable in this night's venture.

CATHERINE. Honorable! Why, there's his ring—a perfectly beautiful ring.

(*A horn blows*—CATHERINE *starts.*)

ESTELLE. Catherine. (*Holds her*)

CATHERINE. You mustn't hold me, Estelle Kitteridge. You're not my mother.

ESTELLE. But I don't believe the *ring's* in earnest. Let me see it. Just let me *see the ring, Catherine.*

CATHERINE. There. (*Extending hand*)

ESTELLE. Is anything written on it? (*Takes it quickly*) Oh, I dropped it. Excuse me, dear, but I see it—right there. I'll keep my eye on it.

CATHERINE. You did that purposely because you know I'm superstitious. Where is it? (*Hesitates*)

ESTELLE. There—I'm watching.

CATHERINE. (*Laying down mask and cloak and going by steps*) It's just too unkind of you for anything, Estelle. (*Exit speaking off*) and it's perfectly dark in this garden. (ESTELLE *quickly puts on mask and cloak and goes into the house*) Now where is it? Estelle, Estelle! (ESTELLE *closes second door and locks it*) Estelle!! (ESTELLE *closes first door and locks it*) Estelle!! (CATHERINE *appears up-steps. Horn blows off*) Why, she's taken my things. Estelle. (*Goes to door* 1*st*) It's locked. (*A light appears in library*) What do you mean? (*Runs to second door*) Both locked! (*Sound of auto working. Shakes door*) Let me in, let me in—why, she's taking my place—I could kill her. (*Runs to* 1*st door and shakes it*) Let me in—(*Kicks in small diamond panes at foot of door; beats the frame of it with her hands*) Let me in—Oh, open this door, somebody! (*Is now hysterical*) Open it, open it quick.

(BRADFORD *appears at window.*)

BRADFORD. What's the matter. Who is it?

CATHERINE. (*Crying*) Oh—oh—locked—locked out—oh—oh.

BRADFORD. Why, Miss Fulton. Locked out—what is it? (*Drops from window*)

CATHERINE. They're both locked—both locked. (*Weeps*)

BRADFORD. Well, come this way. There's another entrance. (*Starts to steps*)

(*Enter* ANN *the cook, violently, upstairs.*)

ANN. My lands, what's the matter—who's killin' somebody? Why, my darlint, is it you? *And* Dr. Bradford!!! (*Takes* CATHERINE *in her arms*)

JAMES. (*Opening door*) What's the matter? (JAMES *enters*) Who is it? Why, what's happened?

(CATHERINE *is sobbing.*)

ANN. Phwat's happened? Is it? And where were *you* all along and this poor child locked up in the dark *with Dr. Bradford.*

BRADFORD. I came to Miss Fulton's assistance.

ANN. (*Leading* CATHERINE *off*) Oh, you did, did you?—mind the door locked and the family all gone to the opra. You're a foine Priest, you are!

(*Exit with* CATHERINE.)

BRADFORD. Miss Fulton speak, tell this woman. (*Starts to follow*)

JAMES. (*Interposing*) Indeed you'll not.

BRADFORD. What!

JAMES. You'll say no more to the child.

BRADFORD. You speaking to *me—you*—stand aside—(*He crosses* JAMES *towards house*)

JAMES. Hold on! (*Takes hold of* BRADFORD *by one shoulder*)

BRADFORD. Don't put your hands on me (*Pause*) A second time, take your hands from my shoulders (*Pause. Then* BRADFORD, *puts one palm under* JAMES' *chin and shunts him over the table*)

Curtain

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The Library. Big door at back* C. *Beyond it in small hall another single door. The ordinary winding stairs of a New York house ascend from below to the stage level where there is a landing and continue going up until out of sight. The library is modern and luxuriously furnished and supplied. There is a big table* L. C., *a fire-place and mantel* R. *At* R. *is a big couch.*

DISCOVERED:—BRADFORD *at* R. *of table trying to write. Pause. He goes to* R. *wall and rings push button—Returns to table.*

BRADFORD. (*Alone*) It is useless. The thoughts do not come. Much less the words! A man who has just laid violent hands upon a fellowman even under justifying circumstances, as the world would view them, can't utter words consonant with the spirit to which we look for guidance. I shall repeat my old sermon on "Let him cast the first stone." I haven't given it in five years. (*Pause.* ANN *passes heavily up the stairs from below.* BRADFORD *hears her and turns to regard her*) Oh! (*Pause. Rises*) The evening would have been much better spent at the concert; and the music would have made me think productively as it always does. It is incongruous the amount of inspiration to sacred work that I seem to get from secular music. (*Regards watch*) Too late to go now. (*Rings*) I'll explain to James how utterly unwarranted and how reprehensible in a servant his physical interference was. (*To table* R. *Pause*)

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. (*With dignity*) Did you ring, sir?

BRADFORD. Oh! That you, Maggie? Yes, I rang. Tell James that I wish to see him here.

MAGGIE. (*Without dialect*) James can't come, sir.

BRADFORD. *Can't* come? Why?

MAGGIE. He's that bad, sir, in the small of his back and one hip. I'm waitin' up myself in James's place, sir, to answer the bell.

BRADFORD. Oh!

MAGGIE. (*Pause*) Is that all, sir?

BRADFORD. Yes, that's all, thank you.

MAGGIE. 'Twas my night, sir, to visit me cousin's wife in Jersey City, but the cook said 'twas far better for all the help to stay in the house together this night, sir.

BRADFORD. The cook! She just went upstairs, didn't she?

MAGGIE. She was down a moment to get a bit of cooking-sherry for James. She's on the top floor, sir, with her door open where she can listen for James and the young lady, sir.

BRADFORD. You mean Miss Fulton?

MAGGIE. I do.

BRADFORD. Isn't Miss Kitteridge with Miss Fulton?

MAGGIE. I don't know, sir.

BRADFORD. Do you know how Miss Fulton came to be locked out on the back porch this evening?

MAGGIE. (*Insinuatingly*) I do not, sir. I only know what the cook told me. Perhaps your reverence knows——

BRADFORD. You may go, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Thank *you,* sir. (*Exit*)

BRADFORD. (*Regarding watch*) Ten o'clock! An hour yet even if they don't stop somewhere for supper. Strange that Miss Kitteridge doesn't offer some explanation of it. Probably disapproves of

my treatment of James. (*Pause*) Well, so do I——

(*Enter* HENRY *from below. He takes cigar and strikes match at mantel.*)

BRADFORD. Oh! you're early, Henry.

HENRY. Yes—I left Mattie with Mr. Fulton. (*Pause*) Lumley been here?

BRADFORD. Reginald? Not that I know.

HENRY. (R. C.) He 'phoned?

BRADFORD. Not to my knowledge.

HENRY. Funny! I went over to the Bar Association to meet Judge Bates and when I got back to the concert the folks said Lumley had gone out an hour before to telephone here about Miss Fulton.

BRADFORD. Haven't heard of it. Perhaps Maggie answered the 'phone.

HENRY. Probably an excuse. Poor Lumley must have been dreadfully bored with just Mattie and old Fulton when he'd planned a box full of young people . . . Well, I met the Judge—(*Laughs*) ha, ha, I haven't told Mattie—I told Fulton, but not Mattie—ha, ha! (*Sits on the sofa*)

BRADFORD. Absurd, wasn't it?

HENRY. No wonder he had a good punch with that easy looking left of his. We're pretty "jay," Cliff, not to have known all the time that he was a professional fighter.

BRADFORD. You forget that I asked him directly and that he denied it. I suspected him when we dined together. When he reached for the biscuit with one hand, he instinctively guarded with the other. (*Imitates him*)

HENRY. You know I'd give a hundred dollars for a kodak of him and you at dinner together, ha, ha—Cliff—you're the most up-to-date clergyman in New York. Ha, ha. The next time I go to the

"Suburban" I want you in the betting ring with a handful of checks and——

BRADFORD. I've a more edifying spectacle for you than that.

HENRY. You have, eh?

BRADFORD. Yes.

HENRY. What is it?

BRADFORD. (*Rises*) James took hold of me by the shoulders to-night to prevent my entering the house.

HENRY. *Who* did?

BRADFORD. James—the butler—and——

HENRY. Took *hold* of you?

BRADFORD. Yes, and I——

HENRY. With his *hands?*

BRADFORD. Yes, with his hands.

HENRY. Been drinking?

BRADFORD. Who?

HENRY. James.

BRADFORD. I think not.

HENRY. (*Rises*) But this wasn't in earnest—was it?

BRADFORD. Yes, in earnest—Let me tell you of it.

(*Enter* JAMES *by the stairs from above, limping.*)

HENRY. (*Goes up* R. *To* JAMES) See here.

JAMES. I beg pardon, Mr. Waterman, I've come to give notice and——

HENRY. No, you haven't. You've come to take notice. I saw *you* first. You move in the morning.

JAMES. The cook goes too, sir.

HENRY. Quite right. The cook goes too.

JAMES. And I want to say, sir——

HENRY. (*Coming down*) Not to *me*. That's all —(*Turns*) unless somebody else wants to go. (*To* BRADFORD) Any more of 'em?

BRADFORD. (*At table*) I think not. But I'm

very sorry, Mr. Waterman, that James is hurt. I'm sorry——

HENRY. (*Interrupting and to* JAMES) Go. You did perfectly right, Doctor.

JAMES. Very well, sir. (*Goes down stairs*)

HENRY. (*To door. In a whisper*) He's limping.

BRADFORD. The small of his back and one hip . . .

HENRY. (*In a hungry smile*) What'd you do to him?

BRADFORD. (*Walking down-stage and up around table*) I used physical force when for years I've been counselling only passive resistance. I fear that the time spent under Mr. Sheldon has been a mistake in every way. I was sure of my self-control, I thought, but when I felt James using *his* strength on *me* everything that I'd practiced with Sheldon seemed to rush to my finger tips. I'm thankful that I didn't strike the poor fellow.

HENRY. What *did* you do?

BRADFORD. (L. C.) I applied a chin and elbow tackle that Mr. Sheldon favors very much. It was astonishing to note the leverage it affords.

HENRY. Throw him?

BRADFORD. (*Going down* R.) I regret to say nearly across the round table on the porch there. (*Nods towards audience*)

HENRY. (*In glee*) Why, Cliff, shake! I knew that seminary couldn't spoil a good man. But what was it about?

BRADFORD. I don't know. Miss Fulton found herself locked out on the porch. She seemed in such terror and difficulty that I didn't wait to go downstairs but simply dropped from the window. Just then the cook came up from the garden and James unlocked the dining-room door. The cook took charge of the young woman who was incoher-

ently hysterical and led her upstairs. When I attempted to follow, James took hold of me.

HENRY. (*Slowly*) Why, they must have thought that—(*Pause*)

BRADFORD. (D. C. *Pause*) They did. They still think so.

HENRY. And the Fulton girl didn't say anything?

BRADFORD. (*Shaking head*) She'd gone with the cook.

HENRY. The *cook* came up from *below*, you say?——

BRADFORD. Yes.

HENRY. (*Smiling*) As James unlocked the door.

BRADFORD. As he unlocked what was *left* of the door.

HENRY. "Left of the door"—what do you mean? (*The smile fades*)

BRADFORD. The young lady had *kicked in* most of the lower part of it.

HENRY. "Kicked in?" (BRADFORD *nods*) Those back doors in the dining-room?

BRADFORD. With the diamond-shaped sash.

HENRY. Why, Mattie brought those doors from Rome.

BRADFORD. Yes.

HENRY. Confound the little idiot, couldn't she wait a minute.

BRADFORD. She gave a distinct impression of impatience. Even after I'd come to her assistance she continued to kick in an occasional glass.

HENRY. Why didn't you stop her?

BRADFORD. I did finally. I think it was my efforts in that direction that misled the cook and—and James.

HENRY. Well, of course; it *must* have looked as if she was trying to get away from *you*.

BRADFORD. It *did* look that way.

HENRY. And then you tried to follow her?

BRADFORD. Yes, to make her dissipate that impression. (*Walks* L.)

HENRY. And James said "No, no."

BRADFORD. Substantially "no, no."

HENRY. (*Following* R. *Pause and smiles*) Show me how you "took" him, Cliff.

BRADFORD. (*Down* R. *Reluctantly*) Oh, I just pressed his right elbow against his body with my left hand this way—then I half turned and put my right foot behind his—left foot so——

HENRY. Yes.

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

BRADFORD. Then the palm of my right hand under his chin so—(*Seeing* MAGGIE, *stops*)

HENRY. (*Holding the position*) Yes—(*Pause*) And then?

MAGGIE. (*In doorway*) Pardon, sir—There's a man downstairs from the noosepaper.

HENRY. (*Goes up* R. C.) A reporter? What's he want?

MAGGIE. He wants to see Dr. Bradford and Miss Fulton's *father,* sir. (*Pause.* HENRY *and* BRADFORD *look at each other*) What'll I tell him, sir?

HENRY. Tell him Doctor Bradford's retired.

BRADFORD. (*Crosses* L. C.) No. Let's not make another mistake.

HENRY. Doctor Bradford'll come down. (*Looks to* BRADFORD, *who nods*)

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. (MAGGIE *starts*)

BRADFORD. Wait—(MAGGIE *stops*) Better have him come up here. The others will be passing through the reception hall.

HENRY. Yes—show him up here. (MAGGIE *exit. Pause. The men regard each other*) Well?

BRADFORD. (*At table*) I expected it.

HENRY. You think it's about *this* busines?

BRADFORD. What else? "To see Doctor Bradford or Miss Fulton's father."

HENRY. (C.) How does he know about it?

BRADFORD. Oh, the servants. The other items probably went by the same channel.

(*Enter* MAGGIE *and* TAYLOR.)

TAYLOR. (*Coming down* C.) Good-evening.

BRADFORD. How do you do again?

HENRY. (R. C.) Have a chair.

TAYLOR. (C.) Thank you. We've had a telephone from the police station saying that Miss Fulton had been——

BRADFORD. (L. C. *Interrupting*) Not a word of truth in it, Mr. Taylor. The young lady is of a very nervous and excitable temperament. She thought for the moment only that she had been locked out of doors. It was dark, she was alone——

TAYLOR. And the Kid came to her assistance?

BRADFORD. (*Cross* R. C.) Who?

TAYLOR. (*To table*) The Kid.

HENRY. (*Smiling*) That was Doctor Bradford. But don't say anything about that side of it *now*, Mr. Taylor, for *me*. You say you're kindly disposed. Here's the time to show it.

TAYLOR. (*Sits at table*) Very well. Only tell me the story. Where does Dr. Bradford come in?

HENRY. The man was impertinent—he didn't mean to be, but that doesn't matter, I've discharged him. The Doctor took the man's right elbow this way—stand up a minute. (TAYLOR *stands and* HENRY *gladly illustrates the tackle*) his right elbow

in the doctor's left hand and then the doctor's right palm under the fellow's chin this way and heave! There you are.

TAYLOR. Then the machine didn't run over him at all?

BRADFORD. (R. C.) How's that?

TAYLOR. Was this *after* the automobile struck him?

HENRY. (C.) Automobile?

TAYLOR. Yes, the police said the machine passed completely over him and that the kid refused to stop. A bycycle policeman chased the Kid and had to fire two shots at him.

BRADFORD. I know nothing of any automobile incident.

TAYLOR. I only got it over the 'phone—but my information is that Kid Garvey and Miss Catherine Fulton are in the police station now—and that a man whose identity is unknown is in the hospital with injuries inflicted by the Kid's automobile.

BRADFORD. Miss Fulton and "The Kid," absurd!

TAYLOR. It caught *me* all right, because I'd seen the Kid *here with* his machine this *evening* and I knew Miss Fulton was visiting *here*. Two things the police *didn't* know. Must be *something* in it. But I don't want to write a line until I've given the young lady's friends a chance.

HENRY. (*To* BRADFORD) What do you make of it?

BRADFORD. Some other Fulton—or Sheldon may have given that name instead of the real name of some lady with him.

HENRY. (*To* TAYLOR) Miss Catherine Fulton?

TAYLOR. Miss Catherine Fulton of Philadelphia.

HENRY. (*To* BRADFORD) You sure she went upstairs with the cook?

BRADFORD. Reasonably certain.

HENRY. (*Crosses* R.) Wait a minute and I'll send up and see. (*Rings*)

TAYLOR. (*To* BRADFORD) But you were along, you say?

BRADFORD. I? Along? No, I didn't say that.

TAYLOR. Then what man was it you took by the elbows and chin?

BRADFORD. (*Going up* C.) Oh, that was a personal matter.

TAYLOR. (L. C.) Don't you care to talk about it?

BRADFORD. No, thank you. (*Goes* R.)

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. You rang, sir?

HENRY. Yes, go upstairs—to Miss Fulton's room and say that I wish to know how she's feeling now.

(*Voice of* MRS. WATERMAN *below.*)

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. (*Gazes sternly at* BRADFORD *and goes*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Heard below*) Why, I bought them in Rome. They were from one of the Palaces of the Medici.

FULTON. (*Also outside*) Deplorable incident.

HENRY. Here's Mr. Fulton now. (*Goes into hall*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Off, but approaching*) Why, Henry, have you seen those dining-room doors?

(BRADFORD *walks with grim amusement to the mantel.*)

HENRY. Sh—my dear—one moment. There's a call.

MRS. WATERMAN. Anything else in this house rather than those Medici doors. (*Appears*)

(FULTON *follows and goes* L.)

HENRY. (L. C.) Sh—Sh—Come in, my dear. This is Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Waterman. Mr. Taylor of the "Times."

(TAYLOR *bows.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (C. *Haughtily*) Oh, indeed. (*Starts toward* TAYLOR)

BRADFORD. (*Interposing. Quickly*) Mr. Taylor's been very kind, Mattie, in some little matters; and he's called again with a wish to help me still further. Mr. Fulton—Mr. Taylor—(*Introducing them*) Sit down, Mattie, there's something to consult about—(*Motions the others to sit*)

(*Enter* MAGGIE *from upstairs.*)

MAGGIE. Miss Fulton says she's some better, thank you.

(HENRY *turns to* TAYLOR *at this testimony.*)

TAYLOR. (*Down* L. C., *and unconvinced*) Did you see her?

MAGGIE. No, sir—she didn't open the door.

FULTON. (*Up* L. C. *Anxiously*) Catherine?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*To* BRADFORD R.) What's the matter?

BRADFORD. One moment—That will do, Maggie.

(MAGGIE *bows and goes.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. What is it, Henry? Speak! Did they break in by the dining-room?

BRADFORD. My dear, Mattie—(*Pause*)

FULTON. (*Anxiously*) Is Catherine *hurt?*

HENRY. (R. C. *Soothingly*) There's nothing the matter anywhere—with anybody.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Maintaining the pressure*) But—those dining-room doors—Mr. Fulton *saw* those. (*Appeals to* FULTON)

BRADFORD. (*Down* R.) That was a little accident, rather *incident*—which I'll explain, Mattie. The question before us *now* is a foolish report from the police that Miss Catherine had been arrested for fast driving in an automobile.

FULTON. (*Up* C. *Easily, to* TAYLOR) Oh—no—no—nothing in that. Our automobile is in Philadelphia and my chauffeur has positive orders from me regarding the speed at all times.

HENRY. As I understand it, it's this chap Sheldon who has been training Doctor Bradford——

BRADFORD. Henry! Instructing! Instructing! (*Up* R.)

HENRY. I *meant* instructing. *He* has an automobile and he had some woman in it this evening. They were both arrested and he gave her name as Miss Fulton—(*To* TAYLOR) Isn't that it?

(TAYLOR *nods.*)

FULTON. (*Smiling*) Fulton's a fairly common name.

HENRY. (*Tossing the matter off*) To be sure.

TAYLOR. (*With reportorial insistence*) But this girl is supposed to be Miss *Catherine* Fulton of *Philadelphia.*

FULTON. You *sure,* sir. Why *that* supposition?

TAYLOR. Because she had a bag with her with a set of silver toilet articles engraved "Catherine

Fulton"; and some jewelry and the bag had a tag "C. F., Philadelphia."

FULTON. Catherine's bag is fitted with engraved articles—perhaps——

(MRS. WATERMAN *crosses to* BRADFORD, *who pantomimes silence.*)

TAYLOR. If Miss Fulton is here—why can't I *see* her a minute

FULTON. She's retired, sir—why *should* you see her?

TAYLOR. That'll be the first question my *chief*'ll ask me—"Why didn't you see the girl, *herself.*" Now, suppose I write about it and say we all "held this convention" here in the library but that you wouldn't *produce the girl?*

FULTON. Why *should* you *write* about it?

TAYLOR. Why does a chicken cross the street? I've *got* to write about it. That's my *business.*

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Starting over* L. *at* TAYLOR. *With crushing dignity*) Are you the man that wrote about my *brother* and said he was dining with a *prize fighter* at——

BRADFORD. (*Catching her arm and returning* R.) Mattie—one moment—(*Takes her aside and explains—she gradually becomes dazed with the knowledge he imparts*)

HENRY. (*To* FULTON) It can't do any harm. (*They hesitate*)

(*Enter* ANN, *the cook, by the stairs from above.*)

ANN. (*Boldly*) Mrs. Waterman, can I see *you* privately?

HENRY. (*Up* R. C.) No.

ANN. Oh—(*Pause—Dismisses* HENRY *with a look and gives a parting shaft*) Oh, Mr. Fulton,—

you'd better be with that poor child of yours upstairs——

FULTON. What!

(FULTON *exit—goes upstairs.*)

HENRY. You go to the kitchen.

ANN. I'm through with your *kitchen,* and I'm through with your *house.* I'll have you know m'am that I *leave* in the morning. (ANN *goes below*)

(BRADFORD *restrains* MRS. WATERMAN.)

HENRY. (*Down* C.) You a married man, Mr. Taylor?

TAYLOR. Not for mine. (*Goes* L.)

HENRY. (*Also smiling*) Then you know nothing of this problem—(*Nods towards* ANN)

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. Pardon, sir.

HENRY. (L. C.) What is it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. The wrestling teacher for Doctor Bradford.

BRADFORD. (R. C.) Mr. Sheldon.

MAGGIE. Yes, sir.

TAYLOR. Can't *I* see him for you?

HENRY. Oh! I guess we'd better *all* see him *together.* (TAYLOR *acquiesces*)

MAGGIE. What'll I say, sir?

(*Enter* FULTON.)

BRADFORD. Ask Mr. Sheldon to come up here.

(*Exit* MAGGIE.)

FULTON. (C.) My daughter will join us as soon as she arranges her hair. She's been lying down. I said that we'd excuse her appearing somewhat dishevelled? (*To* OMNES)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Down* R.) Why, of course.

I think it a great shame to make the poor girl come down at all.

HENRY. (*Crosses to* MRS. WATERMAN) Now, Mattie——

BRADFORD. (R. C.) Come in, Mr. Sheldon.

(*Enter* KID, *he pauses up-stage.*)

BRADFORD. Come in, Mr. Sheldon.

KID. (*Seeing* TAYLOR) Hello, Beau—something doing?

TAYLOR. Heard you ran over a man.

KID. (*Smiling*) That's right.

TAYLOR. Who was the girl with you?

KID. What girl? (*Gives him the wink*)

TAYLOR. Oh, I've told these persons about it. The police 'phoned her name down the line.

KID. (*Seriously*) Did—eh? Well, say—I'm sorry for that.

TAYLOR. (*Suspiciously*) What are you doing *here*—in *this* house?

KID. Well—a fellow needs some help, don't he—when he's pinched. I—I want to see Dr. Bradford.

BRADFORD. I'm at your service, Mr. Sheldon, of course.

KID. (*Going to* BRADFORD R. C.) I thought I could count on you, Doctor.

(CATHERINE *appears in loose gown.*)

FULTON. (*Meeting* CATHERINE) Here is my daughter, sir. Come in, Catherine.

MRS. WATERMAN. Why, Catherine, dear. (*Goes to her, meets her up* C.)

FULTON. (*Displaying* CATHERINE. *To* KID) *This* young lady was not in your automobile, *was* she?

KID. (*With significant emphasis*) No, sir, she wasn't.

FULTON. (*To* TAYLOR) *This* is my daughter, sir—Miss *Catherine* Fulton of *Philadelphia*. (*To* KID) You never even *saw* the young lady before, did you?

KID. (*Tactfully*) Oh, I've *seen* her; *yes*—up at the windows—and that way——

FULTON. Did you tell the *police* that the young lady with you was Miss Fulton of Philadelphia?

KID. (*In disgust*) Tell the Police! Tell nothing.

TAYLOR. Who *was* the girl with you, Kid

KID. (*With meaning*) Oh, a little friend of mine—and the *Doctor's—You* know,—*Myrtle*.

TAYLOR. Myrtle.

KID. Yes, Myrtle.

TAYLOR. The sergeant said she had some silver with Miss Fulton's name on it——

KID. (*Eagerly, crossing to* TAYLOR *down* L.) Say! That was a funny throw too—I took some bundles of *mine* away from this house to-night—and I've got a bag just like that one on the outside. You see it was a mistake.

FULTON. Quite probably. (*Smiles*)

KID. The desk sergeant opened this bag. Everything in it had Miss Fulton's name on it and it was the sergeant *himself* said Miss Fulton. The lady with *me* was scared stiff because the fellow we ran over they took away in the "hurry up."

FULTON. (*To* TAYLOR, *in triumph*) But the young lady was *not* Miss Catherine Fulton of Philadelphia.

TAYLOR. So I see.

FULTON. So you see.

HENRY. (*Going* L. C.) And Miss Fulton's name needn't appear in the newspapers?

TAYLOR. (*Hesitating*) Well—(*Pause. Crosses the* KID *to meet* HENRY)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*To* CATHERINE, *still agitated. Brings her down* R.) There, my dear—the gentleman will arrange it, I'm sure. (CAROLINE *sits*)

TAYLOR. (*Answering* HENRY) Perhaps not. (*To* KID) Then I'll 'phone the sergeant to correct his *blotter*—give him Myrtle's *full name*—Really an ad. for her—why not?

KID. (*Down* L.) Well, you see, it's—it's this *bag* business, with the *silver* in it. I 'phoned Muldoon and he fixed bail for *me*—but the young lady *had* the bag—and she said right off the reel that she *wasn't* Miss Fulton—see——

FULTON. I'm very much indebted to her, I'm sure.

TAYLOR. But didn't want to give her own name?

KID. No—so they said: "Oh, where'd you get the bag?" See? Caught with the goods, that's all. (*Crosses up* C. *to* BRADFORD) Now if the Doctor'll go with me and say he knows it's *all* right. A *preacher* with his pull—Or take a *letter* from the —from the owner of the bag—(*Slowly and significantly*) This lady friend of mine won't have to sleep on a bench.

BRADFORD. I know that Mr. Sheldon *took* some *parcels* from this house to-night. I had them wrapped up myself.

KID. And I've got a bag just like this on the outside—but you see *this* bag happened to have some jewelry in it. Diamonds and Emeralds.

FULTON. (*In some excitement*) Catherine's *jewels* also!

KID. (*Down* C.) Oh, they're all right in the Captain's *safe*. And they'd been all right with the lady—she don't have to lift anybody else's *sparks*, she don't . . . (*Significantly to* BRADFORD, *who is up* R. C. *with* FULTON) Why, she had a twenty-

dollar bill in her pocket with a corner burnt off . . .

BRADFORD. (*Down to* KID) *What is that?*

KID. (C.—*slowly gives his significant news to* BRADFORD) My lady friend that's *up in the station* had a twenty-dollar bill with the *corner burnt off.* It was a bill I was lighting a cigarette with and a *friend of mine* snatched it and put it out. He said "That ain't like you, Kid, 'cause it's only showing off and there's a lot of hungry folks could live on that for a week—so he hands it over to *Myrtle* and she put it in her *pocket* and there it *was* when they *searched* her—*see?*

BRADFORD. Yes, yes!

TAYLOR. (*Going up* C.) Well, I'm glad to get the story right. I think I can keep Miss Fulton's name out of it, if I can get the other men in time—and you gentlemen better believe the Kid took the bag by *mistake* because a charge of that kind won't *help* his business.

BRADFORD. Thank you.

TAYLOR. Good-night.

BRADFORD. (*Up* C.) Good-night, Mr. Taylor! You—you know your way out?

TAYLOR. Oh, yes! (*Exit*)

BRADFORD. (*Down* C. *Returning*) I'll go with you, Sheldon!

KID. (C.) Good!

BRADFORD. (*Meaningly, to* CATHERINE) Write me a line, Miss Catherine, saying that you lent the goods to—to this young lady and the bag also. (*Takes* CATHERINE *to table*)

FULTON. That seems strange counsel from a *clergyman,* Doctor Bradford.

BRADFORD. (*At table with* CATHERINE) True—it might be better to put the note in the *present* tense and say the young lady "*has*" Miss Catherine's permission to their use.

FULTON. (*Up* L. C.) But why that?

BRADFORD. (C.) We recover the jewels; and with them out of the case entirely it keeps Miss Catherine's name out of print.

FULTON. As the victim of a theft I'm quite willing that Catherine's name should *appear* in print —you stole those jewels, sir! (*Crosses to* KID)

KID. Go slow, governor—go slow! (HENRY *interposes*)

MRS. WATERMAN. He broke in through my dining-room door—a door that I bought from——

HENRY. (*Returning to his wife*) Now, Mattie——

KID. (*Amused*) I'm no porch climber, you know!

FULTON. I *don't* know! You're a *saloon-keeper* and a professional *pugilist,* aren't you?

KID. Am I

FULTON. You're Kid Garvey, the prize fighter, *aren't* you?

KID. (C.) Oh, yes, I'm called Kid Garvey on the bills. (*He watches* CATHERINE *for the effect of his words*)

CATHERINE. (*Goes to* MRS. WATERMAN) Mrs. Waterman——

MRS. WATERMAN. (*As* CATHERINE *weeps in her arms*) Mr. Fulton, we're frightening Catherine dreadfully!

KID. R. C. *To* BRADFORD) You know this ain't any *holiday* for me, Doctor. The reason I'm here *now* is to put it up to *you* to do the best we can for *everybody,* especially the lady in the *cooler.* It's a nine o'clock call in the *police court* to-morrow, *see?* So there's a whole lot to do *to-night!*

CATHERINE. (*With resolution*) I'll write the letter, Doctor.

FULTON. (C.) Pardon me, my daughter, you will not.

BRADFORD. (C. *Positively*) It is quite necessary that she should, Mr. Fulton, and at once! Kid!

KID. Doctor!

BRADFORD. (*Comes* C.) I want you to tell Mr. Fulton the *true name* of that young lady *now* in the station-house!

KID. On the level?

BRADFORD. On the level.

KID. (*Pause*) It's Miss Kittredge!

MRS. WATERMAN, HENRY *and* FULTON. (*Together*) What!!

BRADFORD. It is Miss Kittredge!

FULTON. Did you know this, Catherine?

(CATHERINE *rests her hed on table, weeping violently.*)

BRADFORD. (*Pause*) Yes, Miss Catherine knew it.

(CATHERINE *braces up and writes.*)

HENRY. Why didn't you say so sooner, Cliff?

BRADFORD. (*Going* R. C.) I'm as anxious to keep *Miss Kittredge's* name out of print as I am to keep Miss Fulton's. I *couldn't* say so with that "Time's" man here——

FULTON. Estelle! (*Pause.* BRADFORD *nods*) with you? (KID *nods*) At night, and arrested for fast driving! (KID *nods*) *Where* were you going?

KID. (*"Sparring for wind"*) I wanted to sell her an automobile, see?

FULTON. That is a lie! (*Start from* HENRY *and* BRADFORD, *who expect trouble*)

KID. (*Up* C. *Pause*) You're right, governor—first guess!

BRADFORD. But we only lose time by this. We *must* go to her assistance! *Go*—not talk!

KID. (*Significantly*) I thought *you'd* feel that way, Doctor. I've got the bubble outside at the door!

HENRY. The telephone will be quicker than the automobile!

KID. (*Easily*) You can't give bail by telephone! (*Crosses up* L. C.)

BRADFORD. True—I must *go*. (*Exit upstairs*)

HENRY. (*Going*) Wait! I'll telephone Judge Bates to meet us at the station—a little legal advice may come handy! (*Exit downstairs*)

FULTON. (R. C.) Why was Miss Kittredge in your company, sir? (*Pause*) Why did she have a bag with her, with toilet articles in it? What is the meaning of the whole affair, sir?

KID. (L. C.) You see—I thought that bag was empty.

FULTON. (C.) Why take it at all?

KID. Well, you see, governor——

FULTON. (C.) Don't address me as "governor!"

KID. All right—if you say so——

(*Re-enter* BRADFORD *with coat and hat.*)

FULTON. Why *take* the bag at all?

KID. Well you see—I generally "show to pretty good business" myself, and we wanted something with *handles* on it to carry the gate receipts!

FULTON. (*Puzzled*) What!

BRADFORD. We are losing time, Mr. Fulton! The first thing to do is to get the young lady under our protection. Come, Kid! (*Starts*)

KID. (*Following*) *With* you, Doc?

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Calling to him in a tremble*) Cliff, dear, *you* mustn't go!

BRADFORD. (*Up* C.) Why not?

MRS. WATERMAN. The newspapers! A clergyman—a police station!

BRADFORD. I'm a *man* now, Mattie, a *man!*

MRS. WATERMAN. But you're *dressed* as a clergyman.

KID. (*Up* R. C. *Quickly*) We'll change coats, Doctor!

BRADFORD. (*Misled by the rush*) Yes! (*Starts to change*)

(*Enter* HENRY.)

MRS. WATERMAN. Let Henry go!

HENRY. (*Up* C. *Announcing*) The Juldge'll *be* there!

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Down* R. C.) I tell Cliff *he* can't go, Henry!

HENRY. (*Up* R. C.) Of course not. Mr. Fulton and I'll be enough. Your automobile carries three? (*To* KID)

KID. (*Up* C.) Seven.

FULTON. With him? (*Indicating* KID) *His* automobile? Why, sir, you could hardly have done me a greater wrong if you had had my *own daughter* arrested. You know, sir, *I* ought to *thrash* you within an inch of your life.

KID. (*With a joyous laugh*) Oh—(*Prolonged*)

HENRY. (*To* KID) Come—we'll go alone!

CATHERINE. Here! (*Hands letter to* HENRY)

FULTON. What's that?

(*Exeunt* KID *and* HENRY, BRADFORD *urging them downstairs.*)

CATHERINE. The letter.

FULTON. (C.) You wrote it?

CATHERINE. (*Crossing* R.) Of course I wrote it! Think of Estelle arrested and in a station

house! Oh, how *can* I bear it all? (*Sinks into big chair, weeping*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Comforting*) Sh–sh—There, there, my dear!

FULTON. (*Explaining to* BRADFORD, *who is returning*) She loved Estelle like a sister!

BRADFORD. I see. (*Goes below the table* L.)

FULTON. (L. C. *Confidentially*) The older I get, Doctor, the more I become converted to the English idea that "blood will tell."

BRADFORD. I thought that was a Kentucky idea!

FULTON. Perhaps—but excellent notwithstanding! Kitteridge—Kitteridge was an old soldier——

BRADFORD.. Miss Estelle's father?

FULTON. Yes—had all the *sturdy* qualities—but lacked, if I may say so, just a trifle in—in *refinement.* There was just that shade of difference between a cultured cosmopolitan and Colonel Kitteridge that I fancy I have observed between—between the two girls. Just enough difference to explain this—this *unfortunate* escapade.

BRADFORD. (*With meaning*) Yes—you think perhaps that the inherited difference accounts for the whole affair?

FULTON. (*Cautiously regarding* CATHERINE) Exactly. Catherine is engaged to Mr. Lumley—Estelle goes away with this prize-fighter—'m? There you are!

BRADFORD. (*Annoyed*) Yes, yes!

FULTON. But perhaps Estelle didn't know he was a prize fighter.

BRADFORD. Oh, yes, she knew—I *told* her!

FULTON. Indeed? Well, there you *are!*

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. Mr. Lumley, ma'am. I told him you were all in the library. He wants to come up!

MRS. WATERMAN. Very well, ask him!

BRADFORD. (*Cross* L. C. *Interrupting*) Wait! Hadn't you better ask Mr. Lumley to excuse us, Mattie?

MRS. WATERMAN. Why?

BRADFORD. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Henry will probably bring Miss Kitteridge back in a few minutes.

MRS. WATERMAN. Well?

BRADFORD. Isn't it advisable to say nothing of this deplorable automobile business—to anybody—even *Lumley*—perhaps, *especially* Lumley?

CATHERINE. (*Quickly*) Yes!

MRS. WATERMAN. Then ask Mr. Lumley to excuse us, Maggie—say the ladies are not feeling very well—and that they will be glad to see Mr. Lumley to-morrow. 'm?

(CATHERINE *nods.*)

MAGGIE. Yes Ma'am. (*Exit*)

FULTON. Don't you wish to go down alone for a moment to see Mr. Lumley yourself, Catherine dear?

CATHERINE. Oh no.

FULTON. He spoke of you so frequently at the concert. You know, my dear, a young lady can't presume *too much* upon the devotion of a suitor nowadays.

MRS. WATERMAN. *Reggie's* devotion will stand the strain, Mr. Fulton, I'm sure. Besides, I'm a little cross-patch with Reggie myself for running away from us so long.

FULTON. (*Bowing*) Ah—if it's *your* discipline, Mrs. Waterman—I've no more to say.

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. Beg pardon, Ma'am, but he says he must see you, just a minute.

MRS. WATERMAN. *Must* see us?

MAGGIE. Yes, ma'am. Beg pardon, ma'am, but he does look to be drinking.

MRS. WATERMAN. Drinking—to have been drinking?

FULTON. Impossible.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Crossing* L. C.) He sometimes did when he was younger—drinking, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Yes ma'am, and pardon, ma'm, but there's that smell of liquor to him besides—that fills the reception room.

MRS. WATERMAN. You said we wished to be excused.

MAGGIE. Yes ma'm.

FULTON. (*Crosses to* CATHERINE) Perhaps Catherine and I had better go see his together.

CATHERINE. I can't see him, father.

FULTON. Why not, my dear?

CATHERINE. My gown! And—and look at my face.

FULTON. Your face is all right.

BRADFORD. I'm sure that is all Mr. Lumley considers.

MRS. WATERMAN. But if Reggie Lumley's been *drinking*——

LUMLEY. (*Appearing*) Beg pardon, Mrs. Waterman—he hasn't but—(LUMLEY's *dress-suit is soiled and torn—his shirt also. The left arm is in a sling*)

CATHERINE. Oh!

MRS. WATERMAN. Mr. Lumley!

FULTON. What has happened?

LUMLEY. Excuse my following your maid upstairs. I feared my friends *might* be anxious about me, so in spite of all the doctors could say——

MRS. WATERMAN. (*She goes sympathetically to* LUMLEY) Are you hurt?

LUMLEY. —I left the hospital and took a four-wheeler——

FULTON. Hospital!

LUMLEY. (*He has a great pride in his experience and talks in a post-ether falsetto of exaltation*)

CATHERINE. Oh!
FULTON. Ran over you?
MRS. WATERMAN. Did you ever!
} (*Together*

Yes—an automobile run over me, near the theatre.

BRADFORD. (*Assisting him*) No injuries, I hope?

LUMLEY. (*Touching arm in sling*) Slight spram and contusion of the left radius and some contusions and sprains elsewhere—but of course I feel the *shock* you see.

(BRADFORD *puts him in easy chair.*)

CATHERINE. (*Who has been very agitated—in a burst of contrition*) Oh, Reginald—Reginald—forgive me—what a wicked girl I've been. (*Kneels by him* R. *of chair*)

LUMLEY. Nonsense—how could *you know* I'd get in front of an automobile—and it was the stupidest music we've had all summer—wasn't it? (*To* MRS. WATERMAN)

CATHERINE. Look at him, Mrs. Waterman. Oh, Reginald, I never knew how much I really loved you until this moment.

FULTON. My dear Catherine.

BRADFORD. (R. C. *Aside to* MRS. WATERMAN) Finesse?

MRS. WATERMAN. Certainly not—*stupidity.*

LUMLEY. Now don't do that, Catherine darling. (*To* BRADFORD) Isn't it *splendid?* Wouldn't you be run over a few times for *this?*

CATHERINE. (*Rising*) Why did you leave the hospital when you were so hurt?

LUMLEY. I wanted to save you from any *worry,* you see. I'm all right. It's only the *shock.*

BRADFORD. (*Down* c.) There must be considerable pain.

CATHERINE. Dear Reginald.

LUMLEY. No—I was unconscious most of the time. All right now. But I didn't want Catherine to worry. I knew she wouldn't understand my not coming back to the concert.

MRS. WATERMAN. Of course not.

LUMLEY. (*To* CATHERINE) Why, you have been crying—haven't you?

CATHERINE. Yes—I've been crying, but——

LUMLEY. Think of it. Well, *don't* any more, please—because I'm all right—in every way—(*Sniffs*) I *smell* dreadfully, don't I? (*To* MRS. WATERMAN *left of chair*)

MRS. WATETMAN. (*Qualifying it*) Not *dreadfully*—no, Reginald.

LUMLEY. They do put such weird stuff on you while you're *unconscious.* (*Sniffs*) It was quite *noticeable* in the four-wheeler.

CATHERINE. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) He doesn't think of himself at all.

BRADFORD. How did it happen? Where were you?

LUMLEY. Near the theatre. I was crossing the street to the telephone—to telephone to you and this automobile struck me. I remember only the lights and the buildings mixing up together and then a doctor saying in a very loud voice: "That will do. He swallowed it."

CATHERINE. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Medicine, I suppose.

LUMLEY. I suppose so. I thought at first that he meant I'd swallowed the building. But as soon as I could catch my breath I knew he meant the

electric lights—the *hottest* stuff! (*Indicates throat and chest*)

CATHERINE. He can joke about it! Think of it, Mrs. Waterman. Oh, please forget everything I said on the porch. (*On* MRS. WATERMAN'S *breast. Up* R. *above chair*)

BRADFORD. They arrested the man in the automobile, no doubt?

LUMLEY. So I'm told and a lady with him. I've got to go to the police court in the morning they said.

BRADFORD. Do you intend to prosecute the persons? (*Goes to* LUMLEY)

LUMLEY. Rather! I own an automobile *myself* and I'm decidedly against these careless fellows that spoil the sport. Speed in the *country* if you want to——

BRADFORD. A farmer or two don't matter. (*Returns* L. C.)

LUMLEY. But a *gentleman* giving a *box* party——

BRADFORD. Of course.

CATHERINE. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Oh, why didn't I go with you?

LUMLEY. If it isn't safe to go out of a theatre between the acts——

FULTON.. *In horror to* BRADFORD) And to think *that* man was Reginald.

LUMLEY. Did you see it?

FULTON. No—but——

BRADFORD. We heard of it.

LUMLEY. (*Anxiously*) Didn't interrupt the *performance?*

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh no!

CATHERINE. (*Displaying him*) Did it interrupt the performance?" (*Again to* MRS. WATERMAN'S *breast*)

LUMLEY. *Marvellous* the way they do things in

these hospitals—my first visit. *One* pretty girl in a cap was at the *foot* of the couch—*another* pretty girl in *another* cap was at the *side* of the couch. *Two* young doctors doing everything possible and one *old* doctor telling them when they'd done it *too much.* It seemed *almost* as though I were *entertaining.*

BRADFORD. It seems almost that way now.

LUMLEY. Well, the doctor's kept saying, " don't talk," " don't talk," when I never wanted to talk so much *in my life.* I *don't* talk much as a rule.

MRS. WATERMAN. I know you don't, Reggie.

CATHERINE. But *don't* talk if it's bad for you.

LUMLEY. But I've wanted so much to *talk all the time* since I " came to," that after I escaped from the doctors I talked to *myself* in the four-wheeler.

CATHERINE. (*To* LUMLEY) But don't talk now. (*To others*) It's *ether* or something they must have given him.

LUMLEY. *" Ether "*—How happy I could be with *" ether! "*

CATHERINE. (*To* LUMLEY) Don't talk, dear. I won't let you talk. Shouldn't we send for a doctor, Mrs. Waterman?

LUMLEY. I've had three doctors. Don't send for *them.* Send for one of the *girls* in the ruffled caps if you want to—send for another bottle of the stuff the *fat* one had in her left hand, but we don't need the doctors. (*To* BRADFORD) I'd have bitten that little fellow with the black moustache if I could have reached him (*Turns to* CATHERINE) but the fat girl put her hand on my forehead——

CATHERINE. Please don't talk, Reginald.

(*Enter* HENRY, *with a bag.*)

HENRY. (C.) Here we are, Mattie—and don't

say anything to—(*Sees* LUMLEY) Oh, Mr. Lumley. (*Sees his condition*) Why, Lumley! What's the matter?

(*Enter* ESTELLE *and* KID. *They stand up* L. C.)

LUMLEY. I was run over by an automobile, Mr. Waterman, just as I left the theatre.

ESTELLE. Oh! (ESTELLE *turns anxiously to* MRS. WATERMAN, *who purposely averts her gaze—she then looks at* FULTON, *who is very stern—*BRADFORD *advances and gives her his hand reassuringly*)

HENRY. (C.) What!

BRADFORD. (*Coming down* L. C.) He's been in the hospital.

LUMLEY. Two pretty girls bringing me things to *drink—three* doctors.

KID. (*Coming down* R. C.) Who was it run over you. D'ye know

LUMLEY. A man and a woman—(KID *glances at* ESTELLE) I don't know their names, but they've been arrested. (*Regards the* KID)

BRADFORD. (*Introducing*) Mr. Sheldon—Mr. Lumley.

LUMLEY. What Sheldon? (*Pleased*) Not "*Kid Garvey*" Sheldon?

KID. Yes.

LUMLEY. (*Beaming*) Shake! I saw you and Ryan at Madison Square and—(*Faints*) Oh——

CATHERINE. Reginald!

MRS. WATERMAN. He's fainted!

KID. Give him air. (*Pushes the others back*)

HENRY. Brandy. (*Leaves the room and enters back room*)

ESTELLE. Here's water. (*Takes a glass from table.* KID *takes large napkin that was under the glass*)

CATHERINE. (*Taking glass from* ESTELLE) Let me give it to him. (*Tries*) He won't drink.

BRADFORD. I'll lift his head.

KID. Give me that—(*Takes water*) Stand back a little, please. (*Throws water full into* LUMLEY'S *face and gives empty glass to* ESTELLE *and begins fanning* LUMLEY *with the napkin. The* LADIES *exclaim*—LUMLEY *gasps at the water—recovers with the fanning and sits up*)

CATHERINE. (*As water is thrown*) How dare you?

LUMLEY. Why—why—I fainted, didn't I?

BRADFORD. Yes.

KID. But you didn't take the full count.

LUMLEY. (*Beaming and waving one hand in display*) "The Kid" really! Catherine—where's Catherine.

CATHERINE. (*Coming to his side*) Here I am, Reginald. Please don't talk, you aren't strong enough, dear.

(ESTELLE *is broken up at the idea that* LUMLEY *was the man hurt.*)

LUMLEY. This is *Kid Garvey,* Catherine, the most wonderful man in the *world.* I doubt if the famous Greek athletes excelled him although they fought with an *iron* glove—Miss Fulton's the young lady, Kid, that is going to do me the honor of becoming Mrs. Lumley.

(*Enter* HENRY *with glass.*)

HENRY. Here's some whisky. We seem to be out of brandy.

KID. Whisky's just as good. Take a swallow of this, Mr. Lumley, and don't talk—your lady friend's right about *that.*

LUMLEY. (*Apologizing*) When it's prescribed, Catherine——

CATHERINE. Of course, drink it. Drink it.

KID. And he ought to get to bed right away.

BRADFORD. At once, I'm sure.

LUMLEY. (*Starting to get up*) Very well. I'll go home, then. But I thought you'd all worry.

CATHERINE. Oh no, he mustn't go home.

BRADFORD. You must stay here.

LUMLEY. Oh, my cab's at the door.

KID. My automobile's quicker than a cab, but if your friends here'll give you a bed.

LUMLEY. You got an automobile, Kid?

KID. A bird.

BRADFORD. (*Who has consulted* MRS. WATERMAN *and* HENRY) We shan't allow you even to go downstairs, Reginald. Henry's room is on this floor.

KID. Let me help the gentleman, won't you?

LUMLEY. (*Leaning on* KID'S *shoulder*) If some one will dismiss my four-wheeler for me——

FULTON. I will. (*Exit*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*At mantel. Ringing*) James will help you get to bed.

BRADFORD. No—I will do that, Mattie.

KID. (*With a wink to* BRADFORD) I've done a good deal of this sort of thing myself and——

LUMLEY. (*Pleased and pleading*) Yes—Let the Kid help me—eh?

HENRY. (*Leading the way to door at back*) This room.

LUMLEY. (*Following and leaning on* KID) What *is* yours? A Peerless?

KID. A Panhard.

LUMLEY. (*At door—to* KID) One moment. (*Turns*) Good-night, then, everybody.

CATHERINE, ESTELLE, BRADFORD *and* MRS. WATERMAN. (*Answers in character*) "Good-night, night, good-night."

LUMLEY. (*Hesitating, and tenderly*) Good-night, Catherine. (*Extends hand*)

CATHERINE. Good-night. (*Gives her hand*)

(LUMLEY *kisses her hand.* BRADFORD, MRS. WATERMAN *and* ESTELLE *turn away down-stage.* KID *releases* LUMLEY *and considerately looks over the bannisters.* LUMLEY *kisses* CATHERINE *on forehead. As he turns away she turns to* R. *jamb of door and leans on it, weeping.* KID *resumes control of* LUMLEY.)

LUMLEY. How many horse power? Thirty?

KID. Eighty-five. (*Exit with* LUMLEY)

ESTELLE. (*At table*) Oh, I'm so grateful, so grateful, that he isn't *killed.* There can never be another moment in my life as dreadful as when we struck that man in the street. I thought we'd killed him, and to think it was *he*—Reginald Lumley that we ran over.

BRADFORD. Don't think of it, Miss Kitteridge. The escape has been miraculous and I'm sure that there is some hidden blessing in it.

(ESTELLE *braces up.*)

CATHERINE. I can't bear it. (*Turns from door jamb and sinks weeping on step next to* LUMLEY'S *room*)

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. Did you ring, ma'am?

MRS. WATERMAN. Yes—who broke the glass door in the dining-room?

BRADFORD. (*With authority*) Never mind, Maggie, you needn't answer that. I'll explain, Mattie. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN)

MAGGIE. Is that all, ma'am?

BRADFORD. Yes—that's all. (MRS. WATERMAN *nods. Exit* MAGGIE) *Miss Catherine,* (*Standing beside her at* LUMLEY'S *door*) it won't help Reginald if he should hear you—come! (*Lifts her*)

ESTELLE. (*Approaching from* L. C.) Poor Catherine.

CATHERINE. (C.) Estelle.

ESTELLE. (*Up* C.) *Catherine.* (*They embrace just inside the big doors.* ESTELLE *leads* CATHERINE *down to* C., MRS. WATERMAN *is* R. C., BRADFORD *stands at bannisters in hall*)

CATHERINE. He won't *die,* will he? He won't die, Estelle?

ESTELLE. Of course not, dear. He couldn't have come this far if he were dangerously hurt. (CATHERINE *sobs on* ESTELLE'S *breast*)

(*Re-enter* HENRY, *who is stopped by* BRADFORD.)

ESTELLE. You forgive me, dear, don't you.

CATHERINE. Forgive you! I never can be grateful enough. (MRS. WATERMAN, *talking with* HENRY, *does not hear* CATHERINE)

(*Enter* FULTON. *The girls are down* L. C.)

FULTON. (*To* HENRY) How is he?

HENRY. (*Reassuringly*) Getting to bed—slowly.

FULTON. The hospital had sent a man with him, but I told them we'd look after him.

HENRY. Quite right.

FULTON. (*Seeing* CATHERINE) My dear—my poor dear. (*Takes her in his arms*) What a night of excitement this has been for you. (*Sweeps an accusing glance over* ESTELLE)

MRS. WATERMAN. Hasn't it?

FULTON. And now go right up to your room. There's considerable to be talked over here that there is no necessity for your listening to.

CATHERINE. (*Up* L. C., *with some resolution*) Yes, I must listen to it.

ESTELLE. (*Up* C., *going to her*) Why? Your note is enough, my dear, saying that I took your bag with your consent.

FULTON. (*Up* R. C.) I suppose you know why that note was written, don't you, Estelle?

CATHERINE. (*Crossing to* C.) Oh, father.

ESTELLE. I think I do, Mr. Fulton.

FULTON. Yes—to keep Catherine's name from the public prints—that is all. That is all. Come, my dear, to your room.

ESTELLE. (*As* CATHERINE *refuses*) Go, please go. You can only grieve your father by remaining.

CATHERINE. But I *must* tell him that——

ESTELLE. You can only grieve him by *talking* at all. *Think,* my dear Catherine. Your first duty is to *him.*

CATHERIN. Perhaps—but my *next* duty is——

ESTELLE. Is to Mr. Lumley. And you can't help *him* a little bit by saying *any*thing.

FULTON. Your sentiments, Estelle, would have weight if your behavior accorded with them—go, my dear.

(*Exit* CATHERINE, *upstairs.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Down* R. C. *In a cast-iron change of subject*) What's to be done about Reggie Lumley, Henry?

HENRY. In what way?

MRS. WATERMAN. He needs a nurse, doesn't he?

HENRY. He wants our distinguished friend . . .

MRS. WATERMAN. But we can't *permit* that.

HENRY. Why not?

MRS. WATERMAN. The man who ran over him?

ESTELLE. (*Again at the table. Shuddering*) Oh—It was terrible. The sensation as those awful wheels went over—(*Covers her face*)

FULTON. Why were you *there*, Estelle?

BRADFORD. If I may suggest, Mr. Fulton?

FULTON. (*Pause*) Go on, Doctor.

BRADFORD. I think you were very wise to send Miss Catherine to bed—why not Miss Kitteridge also. (*Goes* L. *of table facing* ESTELLE)

FULTON. (C.) Estelle certainly must wish to make some explanation, I should think——

BRADFORD. Should we permit it? Next to poor Lumley I think the incidents of the evening have been most trying upon *her*. She certainly needs rest and quiet herself.

FULTON. An explanation may contribute to that.

ESTELLE. I'd rather wait until to-morrow, Mr. Fulton.

BRADFORD. There!

FULTON. An *innocent* girl, Estelle, would scarcely be able to rest under the suspicions that this situation suggests—it seems to me.

BRADFORD. Perhaps we can be sufficiently charitable to dismiss our suspicions if we have any.

FULTON. I can't rise to that standard, Doctor—*where* did Estelle know this man? *When* did she meet him? He has seen Catherine only at the *window*. What opportunities did Estelle take for a more intimate acquaintance? She has been Catherine's *companion*. I must know the influence that surround my daughter.

BRADFORD. True! Inform yourself by all means, Mr. Fulton, but don't be unnecessarily cruel. Miss Kitteridge has certain rights as an individual that even the father of Miss Fulton should not transgress. (*Goes* C.)

FULTON. (L. C.) I am measurably in the posi-

tion of her *own* father and *I* have certain rights that must not be transgressed even by Estelle's most sympathetic friends.

MRS. WATERMAN. (R. C.) I think this isn't *our* affair, Cliff dear.

BRADFORD. Pardon me, Mattie—it is *mine.*

FULTON. Yours, Doctor?

BRADFORD. Mine.

FULTON. Indeed?

BRADFORD. I wish Miss Kitteridge to know that *my* trust and confidence in her character is so great that *I* need no explanations.

FULTON. (*Down* L. C.) Which must be very gratifying to Estelle I'm sure—but I perceive that your confidence, Doctor, is not shared by your sister—and I regret that I don't feel it myself to your reassuring degree. Now, Estelle, I haven't been a harsh guardian, have I?

ESTELLE. (*Turning at table*) Harsh! Why, Mr. Fulton, my own father could not have been kinder to me. (*Goes to him*) I'm awfully sorry to grieve you—awfully sorry.

FULTON. What is there between you and this young man?

ESTELLE. Nothing—nothing whatever.

FULTON. Good—we're getting along just as we used to do when you were considerably younger. Now, (*Pauses*) why were you in his automobile?

ESTELLE. (*Pause*) I—I was merely deceiving Mr. Sheldon. I meant to leave him as soon as he stopped any where, and come home.

FULTON. (*Not convinced*) Yes?

ESTELLE. Yes.

FULTON. Was that your intention when you got into his car?

ESTELLE. Yes.

HENRY. (*At door*) Mattie. (*Pause*) We don't need to complicate this affair, do we?

MRS. WATERMAN. I think not. Good-night everybody. (*Goes up* C.)

ESTELLE. (*Coming to her*) I want *you* to believe me, Mrs. Waterman.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Up* R. C. *With insincerity*) My dear Estelle, I'll do anything I *can* for you and so will Mr. Waterman, I'm sure. (HENRY *assents*) *I* didn't know the man was a prize fighter and I don't suppose *you* did—and perhaps the whole thing, as Cliff *says,* is a blessing in disguise if we can only keep it out of the newspapers.

ESTELLE. That's all I care about myself. My personal conduct I'm sure won't displease you when you know all.

(MRS. WATERMAN *moves to go.*)

FULTON. (*Consulting watch*) Won't you stay a moment longer. Mrs. Waterman, I don't wish to disarrange your household too much, but I think the girls and myself will go to the hotel to-night.

HENRY. The hotel.

BRADFORD. Why?

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh! Do you really think so.

FULTON. I wish to start very early for Philadelphia with both the girls and——

HENRY. But we've an engagement at nine in the morning—Miss—Miss Kitteridge and I.

MRS. WATERMAN. Where?

HENRY. (*To* FULTON) Police court.

(ESTELLE *goes to big chair* R., *and sits weeping and partly overcome by the strain.* BRADFORD *goes to her sympathetically and annoyed with the others.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Up* R. C. *To* HENRY) She's bewitched poor Cliff. I've seen it all along.

FULTON. (C.) In the police court. 'm. (*Pause*) 'm.

BRADFORD. That part of it we men can consult about later. This girl must have what rest is still possible to her to-night. Come, come, Estelle. (*Lifts* ESTELLE *from chair*)

(*Enter* KID. *He puts his finger to his lips as he closes* LUMLEY'S *door.* ESTELLE *stands at chair.*)

KID. (C.) Sh—He's asleep all right, but he made me promise to stable my machine and then come back, if you people don't mind. You see, if I can square it with *him*—and I've got him a *goin'* all right, I can fix it with the *copper,* because *he* was kickin' himself all over the station after he found out *I* was the man he'd run in. Then we can spar for wind in the Police Court.

BRADFORD. I'll go with you, Kid, and we'll walk back together.

KID. Good.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Expostulating*) Oh, Cliff dear.

FULTON. There'll be twenty reporters waiting for that man. There were half a dozen when I dismissed the cab.

BRADFORD. My idea exactly. The Kid will return here as the instructor of Doctor Bradford, not as a person interested in either of the young ladies.

FULTON. Is his return *necessary?*

BRADFORD. Advisable?

FULTON. (*Down* L. C.) I regret it. (*Indignantly*) Police Court! (*To* KID) Do you know, sir, that I've never been in such a place in my life.

KID. (C.) You've played in great luck, Governor. (*Goes up* R. *and then down* R.)

BRADFORD. But before I go, I must insist that Miss Kitteridge retires.

ESTELLE. Good-night.

FULTON. One moment, Estelle. As matters still stand, I think you had better not share the room to-night with Catherine.

ESTELLE. Oh—oh!

(BRADFORD *turns away in restraint.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Aside to* BRADFORD) The man's right, Cliff dear.

FULTON. At the hotel we can have separate apartments and——

MRS. WATERMAN. No, no, Mr. Fulton, I'll take Estelle to my room—(*To* ESTELLE) But I *shall,* my dear. I fear I've been a very poor chaperone as it is—but it's never too late to mend, as Cliff is always saying to his helpless parishioners. (*Extends hand*)

BRADFORD. My room will be unoccupied, Mattie. I have some writing that will keep me here in the library.

ESTELLE. (*To* FULTON) But—please don't keep me away from Catherine to-night. She's my one girl friend—I can explain to her, Mr. Fulton, and if she understands me, you—you'll take Catherine's word, won't you, and not ask we any more?

FULTON. No, no! I must be firm, Estelle, I am both father and mother to Catherine—you must not only *not* share her room but until every suspicion of guilt is removed from your conduct of to-night all companionship between you must cease.

ESTELLE. Mr. Fulton, you may believe me rash or foolish—but you can't think that I'm a depraved woman. (*Pause*) Oh—do I seem that way to the others? (*Turns*) Doctor Bradford—(*Pause*)

(BRADFORD *looks at* KID, *who has nudged him in his amusement.* KID *slowly winks and grins.* BRADFORD *bursts into uncontrollable laughter.*

the others regard BRADFORD *in amazement.* BRADFORD *goes to* ESTELLE, *who is also amazed, and takes her hand. He then pats her head in a soothing manner as though she were a misunderstood child.* MRS. WATERMAN *has gone to* HENRY *in pantomime fear that* BRADFORD *is crazy. The* KID *stands still and grins.* BRADFOTD'S *laughter continues in bursts. He locks arms with the* KID—*they exeunt. The others stand amazed.*)

Curtain

ACT III

The dining-room. Glass doors R. *and* L. *at back. Left one broken, but both curtained at beginning. Buffet* L. *Side table between windows. Door to pantry* 3 R. *Door to house* 1*st* R. *Screen below pantry door. Big dining table* C. *Handsome furniture generally.*

DISCOVERED: *Dark stage empty—Long pause —An electric bell rings in pantry. Pause. Bell repeats impatiently. A match flickers at* 1 R. *and goes out.*

KID. (*Off*) Wait a minute, I've got another.

BRADFORD. Thank you. (*Light of second match*) We're all right now. The button's just here. (*Turns electric button. Big lamp over table lights up*) Servants apparently not down yet.

KID. Did you tell him?

BRADFORD. Yes—listen! (*Pause. Looks at ceiling*) I thought I heard somebody overhead.

KID. (*Also looking up*) That his room?

BRADFORD. No—that's the library. He's just across the hall.

KID. What's he say? What'd you tell him?

BRADFORD. I told him it was your automobile that hurt him and that you'd meant to tell him so yourself.

KID. I started to half a dozen times.

BRADFORD. He understands your hesitation. He wants to se you.

KID. Now? (BRADFORD *nods. Bell rings*) That him?

BRADFORD. Yes, and he said he'd like a cup of coffee.

KID. I'd like one myself. (*Exit* BRADFORD 3 R. *The* KID *sits on chair* R. 2 *and dozes as* BRADFORD *looks about outside—Bell rings.* KID *jumps to center on guard as at the beginning of a round in a fight—Laughs foolishly at his mistake.* BRADFORD *re-enters*) Well would you go see him now if you were me?

BRADFORD. I think I should. (*Enter* MAGGIE) Where are the servants, Maggie?

MAGGIE. They're discharged, sir.

BRADFORD. Oh, and the breakfast?

MAGGIE. I don't know, sir.

BRADFORD. I smell coffee.

MAGGIE. I made some myself, sir, on the little gas stove.

BRADFORD. I'd like a cup of it for Mr. Lumley. (*Bell rings*)

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. I'll answer Mrs. Waterman! (*Exit* 1 R.)

KID. (*Anxiously*) I'll wait and take his coffee to him, eh?

BRADFORD. Yes, if you wish to. (*Consults watch*) Seven o'clock, we breakfast at eight. (*Draws curtain of window* R. *Strong sunlight enters*)

KID. Where'd she break it?

BRADFORD. It wasn't that window, it was this. (*Draws curtain of* L. *window disclosing breaks of lower panes*)

KID. Gee whiz! She mixed it up all right, didn't she?

BRADFORD. James hasn't even swept up the pieces. (*Looks about for something to put the glass in—takes glass fruit bowl from buffet, with a little fruit in it*)

KID. (*Down* R. C.) Women are as bad as men when they get started, I think. My barkeeper's girl came in one morning after he'd forgot to come home and she broke all the glassware you could reach with an umbrella, and then drummed tunes on the cash register till his business for that day showed forty thousand dollars. Here, let me do that, Doctor! (*Picks up glass*)

BRADFORD. Thank you, if you will.

(*Enter* ESTELLE, R. I.)

ESTELLE. Oh! Why, am I so early?

BRADFORD. (*Turning*) Good-morning!

ESTELLE. Good-morning!

KID. (*Standing and nodding*) How are you?

BRADFORD. I believe there's a strike this morning in the kitchen and pantry?

(KID *resumes work.*)

ESTELLE. (*Indicating window*) It seems to have reached this room.

BRADFORD. It *began* in this room.

ESTELLE. Oh!

BRADFORD. But Mr. Sheldon and I don't belong to the union. (*Comes down*)

ESTELLE. You look tired, Doctor Bradford; it

was unspeakably selfish in me to take your room from you.

BRADFORD. (*Stroking his face and adjusting his collar*) This is not fatigue, Miss Kitteridge. It is negligence. The couch in the library is most comfortable, believe me!

(*Enter* MAGGIE, R.)

MAGGIE. Will Mr. Lumley want anything else, sir?

BRADFORD. I think not—at first. (*Pushes button, turning out electrolier*)

MAGGIE. Yes, sir! (*Exit* L.)

ESTELLE. (*Anxiously*) How is he?

BRADFORD. All right, I hope. He's able to turn over and he wants coffee.

ESTELLE. (R. C.) You saw him this morning?

BRADFORD. Yes; Mr. Sheldon was with him all night.

ESTELLE. Does he know it was—who it was?

BRADFORD. He knows it was Mr. Sheldon and in all my experience I have never seen anyone so anxious to comply with the scriptural injunction: "Do good to them that injure thee".

ESTELLE. (*Quizzically*) Is that due to his admiration for *your* precepts, Doctor?

BRADFORD. (*Pause*) Mr. Sheldon's *biceps!*

ESTELLE. Oh!

KID. (*Rising with fruit bowl of broken glass*) Do you want to hide this bunch of stuff, or put it in the show window? (*Crosses down* L.)

BRADFORD. Set it there—(*Buffet*) the maid will throw it away!

KID. "*Throw it away!*" Why, I know a fellow in the vaudeville that eats broken glass. This platefull'd feed a poor man like him for a week. (*Glances from* BRADFORD *to* ESTELLE. ESTELLE *gives* BRADFORD *a quick glance, bites her lips in*

restraint and exit at pantry door, R. 3. *Both men smile mutually.* KID *puts bowl on buffet*)

BRADFORD. (*Leaning on table,* C.) *That's* an example, Kid, of what I meant in our walk last night. Life is too much of a joke with you. The twenty dollar bill you were about to burn *will* relieve some suffering—Miss Kitteridge will *see* that it does. *She's* in earnest—and the window and the poor chap upstairs—still jokes to you!

KID. Oh, no, it ain't! I'm dead sorry for him. Every time he woke up he commenced to gab about "his Catherine".

BRADFORD. As I told you—and when the mere physical influence that you exert is away, *her* entire heart will be his also.

KID. You're right. I got onto that in the library. (*Pause*) Women are that way! Out West one time—before I'd fought as a professional—there was a girl playin' about even between me and another boxer.

BRADFORD. A pugilist?

KID. (*Nodding "yes"*) *Pretty* work—but he didn't like the *gruel*—so we agreed to fight for the girl—see?

BRADFORD. All unknown to her, of course?

KID. (*Laughing "not much"*) She held the *watch* for us and called time.

BRADFORD. The girl? Is it possible?

KID. Oh, yes. Well, there bein' a lady present, you see I thought I'd make it short. The other fellow wanted to cut some "figure eights" and that sort of "fancy work", but I got to his gold fillings in the middle of the second and it was "Sunday" for him.

BRADFORD. (*Assenting*) Out!

KID. Clean! I turned around to collect the girl, and she wasn't there. Not her! She was down on

the ground with the pretty boy's head in her lap and I wasn't one—two—three!

BRADFORD. She was a more womanly girl than you thought, wasn't she?

KID. A good deal. It was all I could do to get back the watch. Well, when this Johnny upstairs fainted in that big chair last night, I saw who owned *"his Catherine."*

BRADFORD. Of course you did! Her genuine sympathy at that time commanded my respect also.

KID. My business teaches a fellow one thing, Doctor—If you can't win, be a good loser!

BRADFORD. And do be a good loser, Kid, in this affair. Lumley's *great admiration* for you makes any trifling with Miss Fulton all the more blameworthy. You see that, don't you?

KID. Oh, I've scratched that. I never fooled with any fellow's girl in my life. (*Pause*) After I'd once shook hands with *him*.

BRADFORD. That's a good rule, Kid; there's only one better. Never fool with any fellow's girl, whether you've shook hands with him or not.

KID. It wasn't all *fooling* with this one.

BRADFORD. What was it?

KID. You see, everybody says a fighter ain't a gentleman.

BRADFORD. (*Controlling his wish to smile*) I'm familiar with that prejudice.

KID. Well, here's a girl that has her picture in the paper if she goes to the horse show; and her picture in the paper because she's goin' to marry one of the richest men in New York—a *society queen*. Now, anybody that catches her has *got* to be a gentleman, ain't he? And when I saw it coming my way, I said: "I'll just *steal* this one and they'll *all* have to sit up and stop talking. Jeffries may be a 'shine' and all the rest of them a chip

shy—but Kid Garvey Sheldon will be a real *gentleman* fighter, see?

BRADFORD. (*Seriously, shaking his head*) I don't agree with you, Kid. It's the things a man does—in his conduct—not whom he marries. Your behavior since your auto run over Mr. Lumley has been much more the work of a gentleman than stealing even a society queen. Trying to protect the young lady's name; coming promptly to me with the facts; sitting up all night with Lumley—*that's* the gentlemanly behavior.

KID. Why, I did that just to be kind to you and him.

BRADFORD. Well, kindness, my boy, is the chief mark of the gentleman.

KID. Kindness? (BRADFORD *nods*) Then I should think a *preacher'd* be a gentleman.

BRADFORD. Many of them *are*.

KID. Well, *you're* one all right, Doc. Because a man that was *only a preacher'd* think he was due to turn me down so hard on account of this girl business that he wouldn't speak to *me now*—would he?

BRADFORD. I fear that is a mistake—that the man who was only a gentleman would be more likely to make than the preacher. *My* business teaches a fellow one thing also——

KID. What is it?

BRADFORD. If you can't help a man, be very slow, to condemn him.

(*Enter* ESTELLE, *followed by* MAGGIE *with tray.*)

ESTELLE. I've put some melon on Mr. Lumley's tray, Doctor. He probably has some fever and—

BRADFORD. Good—but, Maggie — (MAGGIE *pauses*) Mr. Sheldon wishes to take it to him.

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. (*Gives tray and exit*)

KID. (*With tray*) You're *sure* he wants to see me, Doctor?

BRADFORD. Quite.

KID. I wish I was sure I want to see him. (*Exit*)

(ESTELLE *and* BRADFORD *regard each other a moment.* ESTELLE *drops her eyes*)

BRADFORD. You saved her, didn't you?

ESTELLE. (*Looking up*) I hope so—but have I?

BRADFORD. Yes, you and the fortunate accident to poor Lumley. You've saved her from a great scandal and a greater unhappiness.

ESTELLE. She couldn't have been happy with him?

BRADFORD. Impossible. It was his vanity not his love that she appealed to.

ESTELLE. And it was *her* youth and—well her *youth* that made her like *him* and he really was very attractive when you were wrestling out there—you both are.

BRADFORD. Thank you!

ESTELLE. Well, you knew it, didn't you? Men wouldn't allow ladies to watch them in their athletics if they thought they appeared to disadvantage.

BRADFORD. I suppose not!

ESTELLE. He won't try to take her away again, will he?

BRADFORD. No, and if he did, Catherine wouldn't go. She has discovered that her love for Reginald is real.

ESTELLE. If the truth can be kept from Reginald I shall feel repaid for any misfortune that may come to me.

BRADFORD. No misfortune shall come to you.

ESTELLE. If we could only put some creditable color on it to Mr. Fulton. I have valued his good opinion so highly.

BRADFORD. What creditable color did you place on it for my sister?

ESTELLE. None. That's the reason I took your room. If I'd have shared hers I'm sure I'd have told her everything. Mrs. Waterman's such a masterful woman.

BRADFORD. And why not tell everything?

ESTELLE. I wanted to think it over. I wanted to counsel with somebody. I didn't know whom. I never dreamed that you *knew*—until—until it amused you so much.

BRADFORD. (*Smiling*) You must remember that I have a cultivated taste for amusement——

ESTELLE. How *did* you know?

BRADFORD. (*Pointing to door of balcony*) I was there.

ESTELLE. (*Inhaling and shaking head ominously*) Catherine is all impulse—at the first moment of any emotion—all impulse.

BRADFORD. Mattie fetched those doors from Rome.

ESTELLE. Oh, I'm so sorry. (*Pause*) She knew Catherine did it?

BRADFORD. No. But she probably does by this time. I told Mr. Waterman last night and Mattie's a very masterful woman.

ESTELLE. Did you tell him why I went in the automobile?

BRADFORD. (*First shaking his head*) I *shall* tell him this morning.

ESTELLE. Is it wise to do so?

BRADFORD. I don't know. But it's human. And that's a luxury that I occasionally insist upon.

ESTELLE. But why should he know it?

BRADFORD. *I* live with him.

ESTELLE. I don't understand you.

BRADFORD. There's one qualification for the

ministry that a clergyman must have and must permit no one to successfully challenge.

ESTELLE. What is that?

BRADFORD. His intelligence. (*Pause.* ESTELLE *shakes her head, not comprehending*) I'm going to tell my sister and her husband this morning that I've asked Estelle Kitteridge *to be my wife* and I don't want them to think that I'd have done that if her greater inclination was to elope with a pugilist. (*Takes her hand*)

ESTELLE. (*Looking down*) But you haven't asked her.

BRADFORD. I shall have done so by the time I tell them I have. (*Draws her to him*) And she? She will have probably answered?

ESTELLE. (*Standing him off*) That depends. You know, Doctor, in our talk last evening on the porch——

BRADFORD. Yes——

ESTELLE. What I wanted to say was that I'd kind a "*looked up to you.*"

BRADFORD. I understood you.

ESTELLE. What I *did* say was that "*I'd tried to move toward the ideals you'd expressed.*"

BRADFORD. I remember the phrase perfectly.

ESTELLE. So do I. "*Move toward the ideals.*" You know I don't talk that way as a general thing and I couldn't promise to be your wife if I had to be as—as—*literary*—as that all the time—I couldn't stand the strain of it.

BRADFORD. (*Laughing*) Why, you dear girl, you shall be as natural as you wish.

ESTELLE. Thank you! (*He starts to embrace her*) No, wait—one word about the charities. I love all kinds of charitable work—simply *love* it—as a *pastime*. I shouldn't like to look forward to a *life* of it—and a minister's wife runs that risk, doesn't she?

BRADFORD. *This* minister's wife won't. *Now* may I tell them?

ESTELLE. What?

BRADFORD. That you've said "yes"?

ESTELLE. No—nothing, until everything between Reggie and Catherine is fixed all right.

BRADFORD. But you do *say* "yes", don't you?

ESTELLE. Yes! (*Embrace*)

(*Enter* ANN.)

ANN. My lands! He has the *other* one now! (*Exit*)

(*Enter* KID *with hat,* R. I.)

KID. Excuse me, but—(*Pause*)

BRADFORD. (*Releasing* ESTELLE) How is he?

KID. (*Perplexed*) The old gent dropped in——

BRADFORD. Who?

KID. The girl's governor!

BRADFORD. Mr. Fulton.

KID. Yes.

BRADFORD. To Mr. Lumley's room?

KID. Yes—Mr. Lumley thought it was funny to tell him that it was *my* machine that hit him and all about it, but the old gent wouldn't shift a wrinkle —so Lumley ups and asks him why he was pullin' such a sour mug——

BRADFORD. (*Prompting*) Yes——

KID. (*Half throwing up his hands*) Well—the old gent blows everything. Your lady's name—and the bag and the whole business.

BRADFORD. (*Indignantly*) What!

KID. Just as I'm tellin' you—and that Miss Kitteridge can't train with his girl any more—so I backed into my corner and ducked under the ropes. (*Consults watch*) It's nearly eight now and I've

got to pump round a good deal before nine—so I'll quit you. (*Goes up*)

BRADFORD. But you've had no breakfast.

KID. That's all right. I'll catch a cup of coffee and a sinker—on the wing—(*Pause*) What you said last night, goes; don't it?

BRADFORD. It does indeed.

(KID *extends hand and they shake.*)

KID. (*At door up-stage—approvingly*) Say Miss Kitteridge! Anybody in your class—*You!* (*Exit*)

ESTELLE. What did he mean by that?

BRADFORD. I took it to be your professional rating.

(*Re-enter* MAGGIE *from pantry.*)

MAGGIE. Pardon me—but Mrs. Waterman says for me to set the table. (*Goes to buffet drawer for clothe*)

BRADFORD. Very well, Maggie.

ESTELLE. I'll help you.

MAGGIE. Oh, no, miss. (MAGGIE *removes center piece from mahogany table*)

BRADFORD. I have your permission, Miss Kitteridge to invade my room a moment in order to—to——

ESTELLE. You'll find it in order, doctor.

BRADFORD. And I take orders easily. (*Exit*)

MAGGIE. (*As* ESTELLE *takes table cloth*) This pad goes first, Miss.

ESTELLE. (*Taking table pad*) Can't I do this alone, Maggie, while you're getting the breakfast.

MAGGIE. (*Assisting*) Thank you. I'll help you with the cloth and then I *will* go to the kitchen if

you don't mind. And its the blue china from the pantry for breakfast.

ESTELLE. Oh, *I* know Maggie.

MAGGIE. And the egg cups, Miss—*boiled* eggs are the quickest and we're all that late already——

ESTELLE. To be sure—No, run right along and leave me with these little things.

MAGGIE. (*Going*) Thank you, Miss Kitteridge.

(*Enter* CATHERINE L.)

MAGGIE. Oh, Miss Catherine—I hope you're better.

CATHERINE. Much better thank you, Maggie. (MAGGIE *bows and goes*) Estelle!

ESTELLE. (*Quickly to her*) My poor Catherine. (*Embrace*) Don't my dear, I'm sure everything's going to come out all right—everything!

CATHERINE. What about Reginald.

ESTELLE. (*Expansively*) Why he's had breakfast and he can sit up.

CATHERINE. Who took it to him—you?

ESTELLE. Mr. Sheldon.

CATHERINE. *He's* been here all night, hasn't he?

ESTELLE. (*Tentatively*) Yes——

CATHERINE. Oh, Estelle, what made me behave in that crazy manner. I crept down to their door last night and could hear them talking. Reginald and *him*—talking, talking—mechanical terms: " Horse power " and " upper cuts " and " just saved by the bell " and I wonder at myself; Reggie's words were so musical and genteel and that man's seemed so common—oh, why did I do it?

ESTELLE. It doesn't matter now why—Compose yourself Catherine and help me at the table. There's some trouble wtih the servants.

CATHERINE. *That's* my fault too. Oh, I haven't slept an hour all night Estelle.

ESTELLE. Never mind—put some of those tumblers about while I get the blue plates from the pantry. (*Exit*)

CATHERINE. (*At buffet* L.) What's all this in the fruit dish? (*Enter* MRS. WATERMAN. *Turns with plate*) Why the fruit is full of broken glass.

MRS. WATERMAN. Is it?

CATHERINE. Yes—(*Extends plate*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Don't you know where it *came* from, my dear? That broken glass.

CATHERINE. (*Really ignorant*) Why no.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Points to door*) From the Palace of the Medicis.

CATHERINE. Why the door is broken. Did I—Oh, Mrs. Waterman. Did *I* do *that?*

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Enter* ESTELLE *with plates*) You must have been *very frightened* not to have known it my dear—Who locked you out?

ESTELLE. I did, Mrs. Waterman. (*Comes down*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh, Miss Kitteridge. Just before you—you went for your *drive,* I suppose.

ESTELLE. Yes, but we will explain all that Mrs. Waterman, we'll explain everything when the gentlemen are all gone.

MRS. WATERMAN. Dear me! (*Pause*) Is it really so—so *piquant* as that? (*Goes to set dish down*)

CATHERINE. (*Hurt by "piquant"*) Estelle!

ESTELLE. (*Comforting*) Cheer up, dear—please. (*Arm about her*)

(*Enter* FULTON.)

FULTON. (*Shocked at sight of* CATHERINE *in* ESTELLES *arms*) Catherine—come here. (ESTELLE

leaves CATHERINE. FULTON *takes* CATHERINE. *To* ESTELLE) Did I hear you at Catherine's door this morning, Estelle?

ESTELLE. (*Busy at table*) No—I sent Maggie for some of my things. You probably heard her.

FULTON. Oh—(*Apart to* MRS. WALTERMAN) There's a *degree* of composure that amounts to *callousness*. Isn't there.

MRS. WATERMAN. Isn't there? (*Shrugging shoulders askance at* ESTELLE) We are without a butler this morning, Mr. Fulton; and a cook I believe.

(CATHERINE *turns to buffet and gets tumblers.*)

FULTON. I readily understand it and sympathize Mrs. Waterman—did you learn which of them broke your door. (ESTELLE *and* CATHERINE *pause.* MRS. WATERMAN *signals silence on that subject and* FULTON *dissembles*) Oh, believe me, I like it. (*Again, apart*) I've been utterly mistaken in that girl. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN. *Then to* CATHERINE) Now, Catherine darling, be as brave and as womanly as you know how to be. (*Turns to* MRS. WATERMAN) Mr. Lumley is coming down stairs, Mrs. Waterman.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Apprehensively*) Oh!

FULTON. He wishes to dispel the family's *anxiety* by being *with* us.

MRS. WATERMAN. Why Catherine, dear, you needn't do that.

CATHERINE. Yes please—I wish to do it. (*Arranging table things with* ESTELLE)

(*Enter* MAGGIE.)

MAGGIE. The breakfast is ready ma'm—shall we wait for Mr. Waterman?

MRS. WATERMAN. No—He said not—to (*Exit* MAGGIE) sit down please—Mr. Fulton and young ladies. We don't need so many things, I'm sure. (*Sits*)

ESTELLE. I will—in a moment.

(*Exit to pantry.* CATHERINE *sits.*)

FULTON. (*Looking after* ESTELLE *then speaking to* CATHERINE) My dear—a little more reserve with Estelle—(*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Do you understand that assurance. (MRS. WATERMAN, *shrugs. To* CATHERINE) A little more *reserve.* (*Sits*)

CATHERINE. No father—I can't—you don't know——

HENRY. (*Outside* I R.) Not too fast—not too fast—(*Appears* I R.) Good-mornin' everybody—Mr. Lumley my dear—He wanted to send for his own clothes, but I said "Why it's all in the family" Come in, Reginald.

(*Enter* LUMLEY *in a business suit and linen of* HENRY'S *arranged for comedy.* FULTON *rises.* CATHERINE *pushes chair from table.*)

LUMLEY. (*Apologizing*) You know, a dress suit at breakfast—even a clean dress suit looks—dissipated—so—(*Displays his make-up*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Why *that's* very good indeed Reginald—sit there.

LUMLEY. No, I've had my breakfast.

CATHERINE. (*Offering another chair*) But *sit* here—by *me*—won't you?

LUMLEY. (*Indicating clothes*) These don't—disqualify me? (*Sits near her*)

CATHERINE. Of course they don't—won't you have a glass of water?

LUMLEY. Thank you. (CATHERINE *pours out the water*) I'll take a mouthful and perhaps a bite—just a *bite* of fruit.

HENRY. Fruit! (*Takes dish from buffet*) Oh!

MRS. WATERMAN. Not that, Henry.

(HENRY *crosses with it to* R.)

LUMLEY. *Glacé*—isn't it? (*Drinks*)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Smiling through set teeth*) Yes—quite.

HENRY. (*Despairingly at* LUMLEY) *Glacé!* Still very weak—ha, ha!

(*Enter* ESTELLE *with melon and dishes.*)

ESTELLE. Why, Mr. Lumley!

LUMLEY. (*Rising*) Good-morning.

CATHERINE. Please keep your seat.

ESTELLE. I'm so glad to see you able to do this—but are you strong enough really?

LUMLEY. Oh, yes.

FULTON. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN, *and referring to* ESTELLE'S *composure*) Incredible!

LUMLEY. Of course I *look* a trifle emaciated in this outfit but—How are you doctor. (*Looking to door* I R.)

(*Enter* BRADFORD.)

BRADFORD. Hello Reggie! Isn't this rather heroic. (*They meet in front of table*)

LUMLEY. The *clothes* are *collossal*—but I thought *I* should be at this breakfast at all hazards—

(*Enter* MAGGIE *with coffee pot.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Here's the coffee—sit down Cliff.

CATHERINE. (*To* LUMLEY) Please. (*Leads him to chair again. Bell rings*)

(MAGGIE *exit.*)

HENRY. What's that?

MRS. WATERMAN. Front door probably—Here is some iced melon Catherine I'm sure Reggie will like that.

CATHERINE. Yes—(*Gets a piece for* LUMLEY)

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Insincerely and insinuatingly*) Sit down, Estelle dear.

ESTELLE. Have you everything you need?

MRS. WATERMAN. Oh, yes, thank you!

LUMLEY. I had one piece of this before—before I made my toilet.

BRADFORD. Yes, Miss Kitteridge sent it to you.

LUMLEY. I knew it was some good friend.

(FULTON *looks at* MRS. WATERMAN.)

CATHERINE. And it was.

(FULTON *looks at* CATERINE, *in surprise. Enter* MAGGIE I R.)

MAGGIE. Judge Bates, ma'm!

HENRY. Ask the judge to step up here.

MAGGIE. Yes, sir. (*Exit*)

LUMLEY. Judge Newton Bates?

BRADFORD. Yes.

LUMLEY. I haven't seen Judge Bates since I was at Yale.

BRADFORD. (*Grunting*) 'm.

(MRS. WATERMAN *coughs.*)

CATHERINE. Was Judge Bates at Yale?

LUMLEY. (*With meaning*) He was when I *saw* him last. So was Doctor Bradford.

FULTON. Why I thought you were a Harvard man, Doctor?

BRADFORD. (*Nods*) My dear Reginald, aren't we on tender ground.

LUMLEY. Perhaps. (*To* CATHERINE) Didn't you ever hear how Doctor Bradford and Judge Bates went to New Haven to see me?

CATHERINE. No.

LUMLEY. Nor read it in the papers?

CATHERINE. No.

(*Enter* JUDGE *with morning papers.*)

JUDGE. Good-morning.

OMNES. (*In character*) Good-morning, Judge!

JUDGE. (*Full of his news*) Do you know who the man was that we run over last night?

BRADFORD. Yes, we've got him here.

JUDGE. (*Astonished*) What!

LUMLEY. How are you, Judge Bates. Haven't seen *you* since New Haven (*Half rises*)

JUDGE. Why, Mr. Lumley, this is astonishing. You're in bed for several weeks according to the papers. It didn't injure you?

LUMLEY. Thank you, no.

BRADFORD. Doesn't even hurt his *feelings* since he learned who did it.

JUDGE. (*Turning to* ESTELLE *slowly*) Oh—Oh!

ESTELLE. What do the papers do with me, Judge?

JUDGE. Not mentioned.

FULTON. Nor—nor—*my* family?

JUDGE. Not at all.

FULTON. Ah! (*In relief*)

BRADFORD. You have *all* the papers?

JUDGE. All. That reporter fellow *brought* them to me—to show that he'd done as he promised he would. I offered him a check for his services but

he refused it—His only request was that I should show the papers to you. (*To* BRADFORD)

BRADFORD. Thank you.

(JUDGE *puts papers on table.*)

LUMLEY. Cheer up, doctor.

BRADFORD. I! Do I seem unhappy?

LUMLEY. Yes, you *do,* and the whole matter is less serious than you think. You'll pardon me, Miss Kitteridge but this seems a very opportune moment for me to make certain statements. (*To* JUDGE) The Kid—sat up with me last night.

JUDGE. Sheldon.

LUMLEY. (*Very seriously*) Yes. He said a great many things about his influence over women that I didn't understand at all—seemed mere boasting and vanity—until Mr. Fulton told me this morn- that well—who the lady was that Sheldon had with him.

JUDGE. The papers all agree—Miss Morrison.

LUMLEY. (*Smiling*) I understand. Now all I want to say is, and what he meant *me* to understand was, that a person—man or woman can be carried away—*temporarily*—by such an admiration as the Kid would inspire—why he's the *best* man we've got of his *weight.* Why *shouldn't* that side of him *attract* a girl?

ESTELLE. Thank you, Mr. Lumley.

CATHERINE. (*Pained*) Oh—Estelle don't.

(FULTON *indignant.*)

LUMLEY. What's the matter?

CATHERINE. (*Rising*) Excuse me, please. (*Starts off*)

LUMLEY. (*Pleading*) Just a word, Catherine.

FULTON. (*Arresting her*) My dear!

LUMLEY. You know doctor, what *men* are under similiar influences and you know what there worth *afterwards*—So does the Judge——

ESTELLE. Mr. Lumley is tiring himself—I can see——

LUMLEY. (*Faintly*) Perhaps——

CATHERINE. (*Returning*) Then please don't, Reginald. You don't understand the situation at all.

LUMLEY. Maybe not—but let us all be *charitable*. (*To* BRADFORD) You did *me* a great service that time at New Haven doctor and now I'll do *you* one in spite of *yourself*.

BRADFORD. Thank you, Reginald I know you mean it.

HENRY. But I'm sure we shouldn't permit Reginald to say any more just now.

LUMLEY. (*Indicating* BRADFORD) Then let him tell it himself—or the judge. I want Mr. Fulton and his daughter to know it—They should have known it *before*.

CATHERINE. What is it?

LUMLEY. (*Positively*) Tell her!

BRADFORD. (*Pause*) Reginald at college was quite the average college boy in many ways—especially the young man at college spoiled by too much money.

LUMLEY. Oh, I was wilder than the average.

BRADFORD. He became involved in an affair (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) I think we called them affairs? (MRS. WATERMAN *nods*) with a girl in the chorus (*Pause*. CATHERINE *looks down*) That's *all* isn't it?

MRS. WATERMAN. Why of course, it isn't all, Cliff or the affair would still be going on. Tell the *extent* of it now that you've started and what *stopped* it.

BRADFORD. The *Judge* stopped it.

JUDGE. (*Smiling*) Oh, I think *you* stopped it, Doctor—I *settled* it.

BRADFORD. Yes—the Judge "settled it"—He paid the girl some money and got back Reggie's letters and I went with Reggie's mother and persuaded Reggie to quit following the opera company around and go back and finish out his term at College. Now *that's* all of it, isn't it?

LUMLEY. (*Pause*) Yes—and that was a good deal worse than this little flyer last night.

BRADFORD. Of course, but men *expect* women to forgive *them*—they are seldom equal themselves to forgiving women.

LUMLEY. They *should* be and a man of *your* calling above all others.

BRADFORD. So you *say* my dear Reginald when you're advising *me*. Suppose *you* were in my position—*You*.

LUMLEY. (*With heroism*) *I!* Why then——

CATHERINE. (*Standing up*) Oh, stop—stop. It's cruel of you Doctor Bradford—*you*, the only one who knows, to make Mr. Lumley *commit* himself——

LUMLEY. (*Deprecatingly*) My dear Catherine, it was *all* in the newspapers at the time—thinly disguised——

CATHERINE. Not what I mean. It was *I*—Catherine Fulton who was going with Mr. Sheldon last night. Estelle locked me out there and took my place—see the door where I broke it. (*In a burst*) and now I'm going out of the room.

BRADFORD. (*Stopping her*) One moment—where are you going?

CATHERINE. Let me go please—let me go.

BRADFORD. Yes, in a moment. I'm learning, Miss Catherine, that your first impulses are sometimes unsafe.

FULTON. (*Sternly*) I'll take her, Doctor Brad-

ford. (*Does so.* BRADFORD, *goes to* LUMLEY) Catherine! Catherine!—I wish you to control yourself—my daughter—we have some *apologies* to make here.

LUMLEY. (*Rising*) Rot! This isn't any time for apologies. I've been all through this myself (*Waves* FULTON *aside—puts his arm about* CATHERINE *who still cries convulsively—starts out—at* R., *she halts, looks at him an instant and buries her face in his breast with an added burst.* LUMLEY *gulps, looks back at the others, softly waves his left hand twice as if fanning them back*)

(*Exit with* CATHERINE.)

FULTON. (*Pause*) You *knew?* (*To* BRADFORD. BRADFORD, *nods*) 'm. (*Looks about*) *Everybody* knew?

BRADFORD. Only Miss Kitteridge.

FULTON. Oh. (*Turns to* ESTELLE) What did she say—" you took her place," Estelle?

ESTELLE. Yes, Mr. Fulton.

JUDGE. (*Slowly*) Well—well.

FULTON. She was really—*going away* (ESTELLE *nods*) with that *prize fighter?* (*To* BRADFORD)

BRADFORD. (*Comfortingly*) The best man in the *world*—in his class.

FULTON. (*Mildly*) And my God! (*Pause*) *what* a class—(*To* ESTELLE) is she in *love* with him?

ESTELLE. Not now—no.

FULTON. Has there been—any—any dreadfully *compromising* thing——

ESTELLE. No!

FULTON. 'm. (*Pause. Goes to* ESTELLE) My dear Estelle—(*Pause*) My dear Estelle! (*Turns to others*) What can I say to this noble girl?

JUDGE. (*With watch*) You might tell her it's

time to go to the police court—That's what I came to say to her.

BRADFORD. That's not necessary, *now*, is it? There'll be no complaint.

JUDGE. We were released from the Poilce Station last night under bond to appear this morning.

FULTON. We'll forfeit the bond—*forfeit* it. Pay anything—what is it?

JUDGE. It is *my word*. The young lady was released on my personal promise to produce her in court this morning. It will only be an *appearance*, my dear—probably not have to *say* anything.

BRADFORD. I shall go with you. (*Easily to* ESTELLE) It doesn't matter, my dear.

MRS. WATERMAN. Is Estelle's name in the police record?

JUDGE. No, we appear under an alias.

BRADFORD. An alias?

JUDGE. Yes. The Kid in the fulness of his experience gave a fictitious name.

FULTON. Then why must Estelle go? A fictitious name?

JUDGE. The *name* is fictitious, but it calls for a real *girl*.

FULTON. Ah—well—we can at least bear *our part* of the *consequences*. If *any* girl will do—*Catherine* shall go. (*To door*)

ESTELLE. Oh, no, Mr. Fulton.

FULTON. (*Firmly*) Yes. (*Exit*)

BRADFORD. (*To* JUDGE) What will be the character of the—the *exercises* in the police court?

JUDGE. The proceeding?

BRADFORD. Yes.

JUDGE. They'll call out the case—we appear——

ESTELLE. Do I say "present"—or just hold up my hand?

JUDGE. Neither. You come up to the bar or rail-

ing with *me*. I do the talking for our side unless of course you should be put on the *stand*.

BRADFORD. Is that likely?

JUDGE. Not unless your pugilistic friend disputes the testimony of the policeman—who will be the only complaining witness if Lumley stays away.

HENRY. Well, ask him not to dispute it.

JUDGE. I shall.—But I believe that he's professionally disposed to rebuttal isn't he?

BRADFORD. What is the punishment?

JUDGE. I haven't read the ordinance. Some fine probably.

HENRY. I'll pay the fine if he'll keep still.

(KID *and* MYRTLE *appear at glass door*—KID *knocks.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. This is the man now, isn't it?

BRADFORD. Yes.

(HENRY *goes to door.*)

MRS. WATERMAN. Why doesn't he ring the front bell?

HENRY. He's always used the tradesman's entrance, my dear. (*Opens door*) Come in, Mr. Sheldon.

KID. (*Entering*) My friend Miss Myrtle Morrison Mr. Waterman. (*Introducing*)

HENRY. (*Bowing*) Miss Morrison.

KID. (*With pride*) The " head liner " at Keith's.

HENRY. Pleased to meet you.

KID. (*Still introducing*) Mrs. Waterman! the minister's sister.

MYRTLE. Good-morning.

MRS. WATERMAN. Good-morning.

MYRTLE. I feel like a " Reuben " coming in the

back way, but Mr. Sheldon seemed so very much at home I hope you'll excuse me.

BRADFORD. (*Advancing*) Quite right. Good-morning.

MYRTLE. Good-morning, Doctor.

BRADFORD. May I present Miss Kitteridge?

MYRTLE. How are you?

BRADFORD. Miss Kitteridge is the lady who was in Mr. Sheldon's automobile last night when——

MYRTLE. (*Freezing up. To* BRADFORD) Yes, I've heard—(*To* ESTELLE) Do you know Mr. Sheldon pretty well?

ESTELLE. I can't say that I do! I've met him only occasionally here when he has come to—to assist Doctor Bradford.

KID. (*With anxious honesty*) Just as I *tell* you, Myrtle. (*To others*) We came in the back way *really,* to see them two mattresses—she thought the whole story was a *steer.* You know that *ring* I lost wrestling with you, Doctor? (*Steady gaze at* BRADFORD)

BRADFORD. (*Returning gaze*) No, I don't remember it. (*Pause.* KID *smiles tolerantly*) Do I?

KID. Of course you do. Two rubies and a pale sapphire.

BRADFORD. I *remember* the ring—Oh, yes.

KID. Well—I lost it wrestling out there with you.

BRADFORD. Oh.

KID. And coming through the grass this morning *there it* was—Myrtle saw it herself. Show it to them Myrtle.

MYRTLE. (*To all*) Oh, yes—just there by the railing—but now really, would any girl swallow that story—*at first* (*Then to* KID) And you know yourself Kid you've handed me a few with alfalfa on 'em—(*Slowly—to* ESTELLE) Did—you—tell—him

you wanted an automobile to take flowers to sick people?

KID. (*Quickly*) I didn't say she said so, Myrtle —that was just my guess at a minister's lady. (*To* BRADFORD) Didn't *you* tell me, Doctor, that her strong suit was givin' things to the *poor?*

BRADFORD. Yes—practically that.

KID. (*Vindicated*) I have to *prove everything* I tell that girl. (*To* JUDGE) Didn't I say "Myrtle Morrison" to the sergeant last night?

JUDGE. You did.

KID. (*To* MYRTLE *plausibly*) I don't want my name in the *papers* with any woman's but *yours*. (*Sees that* MYRTLE *is regarding the* JUDGE *fixedly*) This is Judge Bates—our *lawyer*—(*Pause*) What's the matter?

MYRTLE. Oh! Judge Bates! (*Pause*) I thought I'd seen him some place. Don't you remember you collected some money that was due me—at New Haven?

JUDGE. Perfectly.

MYRTLE. (*To* KID) When I was with Rice. (*To* JUDGE) I was Sissy Crevecoeur on the bills at that time, but my friends thought that was kind of "ten, twent and thirt" so I changed it. And you're the lady that was with Kid in the choo choo? (*Pause*—ESTELLE *bows*) He said you'd have to be in *court* this morning.

JUDGE. Yes, and it's time now.

MYRTLE. *Just* time?

JUDGE. Yes.

MYRTLE. Then wait awhile. It will only help our entrance. (*Pause*) You know *I'm* going in your place.

ESTELLE. (*Gladly*) Oh, are you?

MYRTLE. Yes.

BRADFORD. (*To* JUDGE) Is that possible.

MYRTLE. Of course it's possible. Kid's seen the

policeman and squared it with *him* and who else knows the the difference—and I'm to be *interviewed* for the evening papers. I'm going to get a doctor's certificate for nerves and cut out to-day's matinee. Don't you worry about *me*, Miss Kitteridge, I like it.

MRS. WATERMAN. It's very amiable of you, I'm sure, Miss—Miss (*Pause*)

MYRTLE. (*To* MRS. WATERMAN) Morrison! Not at all.

BRADFORD. (*To* JUDGE) But your personal promise to produce the lady herself.

JUDGE. Miss Morrison on the *books* and as I understand it, that *is* the lady's name.

KID. Certainly—I was laying pipe for *this* last night.

MYRTLE. (*To* ESTELLE) Did you see Henry Miller in "The Only Way"? (ESTELLE *shakes her head*) Did you? (*To* MRS. WATERMAN)

MRS. WATERMAN. No——

MYRTLE. Lots of people missed it—but it *was* elegant. He takes another man's place that's goin' to be killed—He looked so much like the other one that the policeman didn't know him. Oh, I just *wished* I was a *man* and could have one chance at that part; and now if I take your place this morning, it's the *same business* exactly. I'm afraid it sounds *selfish* and of course I don't *mean* it, but we'd have appeared in a much more *important* Court room, if Kid *killed* the man.

(*Enter* LUMLEY.)

LUMLEY. (*Seriously*) Judge Bates are you quite sure it's necessary to—(*Pauses seeing* KID) Oh! (*With coldness and reserves*)

KID. Why, you're downstairs, ain't you?

LUMLEY. (*Slowly and with disapproval*) Oh, Sheldon, Miss Fulton has told me fully that——

BRADFORD. (*Interrupting—to* KID) Miss Fulton is the lady Mr. Lumley introduced to you last night as his *fiancee*. (*Then to* LUMLEY) Mr. Sheldon can now reciprocate, Reginald—this young lady *Miss Crevecoeur*—(*The name strikes* LUMLEY)

MYRTLE. Morrison now.

(LUMLEY *recognizes her.*)

BRADFORD. Yes—Morrison now—this is Mr. *Sheldon's* fiancée.

LUMLEY. (*Slowly*) Oh—oh—How are you?

MYRTLE. (*A bit nastily*) How are *you?*

BRADFORD. You've probably *seen* Miss Morrison frequently, being an old theatre goer.

LUMLEY. Yes—the *face* is familiar.

BRADFORD. And perhaps the *manner?* Miss Morrison is doing us all a great service, Reginald, She is going to take the place of *the lady in the automobile with Mr. Sheldon*—(*Pause*)

JUDGE. (*Pause—explains*) In *court* this morning.

BRADFORD. Yes—and *elsewhere.*

KID. (*With meaning*) I appreciate what *you're* doing in keeping still, Mr. Lumley.

BRADFORD. (*To* MYRTLE *who doesn't understand*) This is the gentleman you ran over.

MYRTLE. Him! (BRADFORD *nods.* MYRTLE *gurgles in glee—as that rather "evens up" things*)

KID. (*Extending hand*) Shake? (*Pause as* LUMLEY *does not respond*)

BRADFORD. (*Persuading*) Let's *all* have some "*charity,*" Reginald.

KID. You know I never even *met* you till last night.

BRADFORD. And *then informally*—come Reginald. It isn't as if it were an ordinary scorcher: "The best man in the world in his class".

LUMLEY. (*With impulse*) You're right. (*Takes hand*) And I don't blame her—we're none of us *angels*. (*Exit*)

JUDGE. Well, it's time *now*, isn't it?

MYRTLE. Yes. (*Starts up*)

KID. Will you have a seat in the automobile?

JUDGE. Thank you, sir—a cab. There are those papers, Doctor.

(KID *and* MYRTLE *to back door.*)

BRADFORD. Thank you.

JUDGE. (*To* HENRY *and* MRS. WATERMAN) I'll 'phone the decision, Henry.

HENRY. Here or the office?

JUDGE. Here. (*Exit* I R.)

MYRTLE. If the Kid don't win it'll be the first decision he ever lost.

BRADFORD. Judge Bates is usually successful.

(MYRTLE *shrugs doubtfully.*)

KID. One of the biggest lawyers in New York.

MYRTLE. (*Regretfully*) I know; but if we only had Abe Hummell.

(*Exit with* KID. *As* KID *closes door more glass falls*—MRS. WATERMAN *winces.*)

HENRY. Never mind, Mattie, I'll get you a new one.

MRS. WATERMAN. A *new* one. That was three hundred years old.

HENRY. (*Sitting*) *Is* the coffee cold?

MRS. WATERMAN. Yes.

ESTELLE. (*Taking pot*) I'll get some more.

MRS. WATERMAN. No, my dear—why should you?

ESTELLE. (*With a look at* BRADFORD) Why shouldn't I?

BRADFORD. (*Taking the coffee pot from her*) May I tell them?

ESTELLE. If you wish.

BRADFORD. Estelle has promised to be my wife.

MRS. WATERMAN. (*Half pleased and half astonished*) Why, Cliff!

BRADFORD. Yes. (*Puts arms about* ESTELLE)

(ANN *appears opening back door and dressed to leave.*)

ANN. My lands! (*Shuts the door—Exit—more glass falls*—MR. *and* MRS. WATERMAN *start at the clash*)

Curtain